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Modern Screen

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MODERN SCREEN

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ALL ABOUT THE GREAT MAE WEST MARRIAGE QUESTION *Did she, or didn't she?* Robert Eichberg 28
THE CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL *Beginning a true tale of one girl's experiences* 30
I WANT TO TALK ABOUT MY BABY *And what's more Joan Blondell does!* . . . Kay Osborn 32
NO SUCCESS AS A PLAYBOY *Did you know Bill Powell retired once?* . . . . . Martha Kerr 33
WE WISH TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT *Madame Sylvia makes a thrilling offer* 34
LORETTA GOES ON A CLOTHES SPREE *Three pages of Loretta Young's new clothes* 35
CAN A MAN BE TRUE TO ONE WOMAN? *Paul Lukas answers* . . . . . Gladys Hall 38
THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN *C. Aubrey Smith looks back at them* . . . . . Faith Service 39
WOMEN CAN BE LOYAL *As proved by Ann Dvorak and Helene McAdoo* . . . . . Ruth Biery 40
A GREAT ACTRESS PUTS ON A GREAT ACT *Re: La Bergner* . . . . . Katherine Albert 41
MY HUSBAND IS MY BEST FRIEND *Irene Dunne tells you why* . . . Adele Whitely Fletcher 42
GABLE FLIPPED A COIN *Clark's career changed each time* . . . . . Katherine Albert 45
WIN A DRESS *You can win one of four new dresses in this exciting contest* 46
KEEPING COOL *Fashion ideas to make you look cool in hottest weather* . . . . . Adelia Bird 48
$2500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST *On "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh"* 51

SHORT SUBJECTS

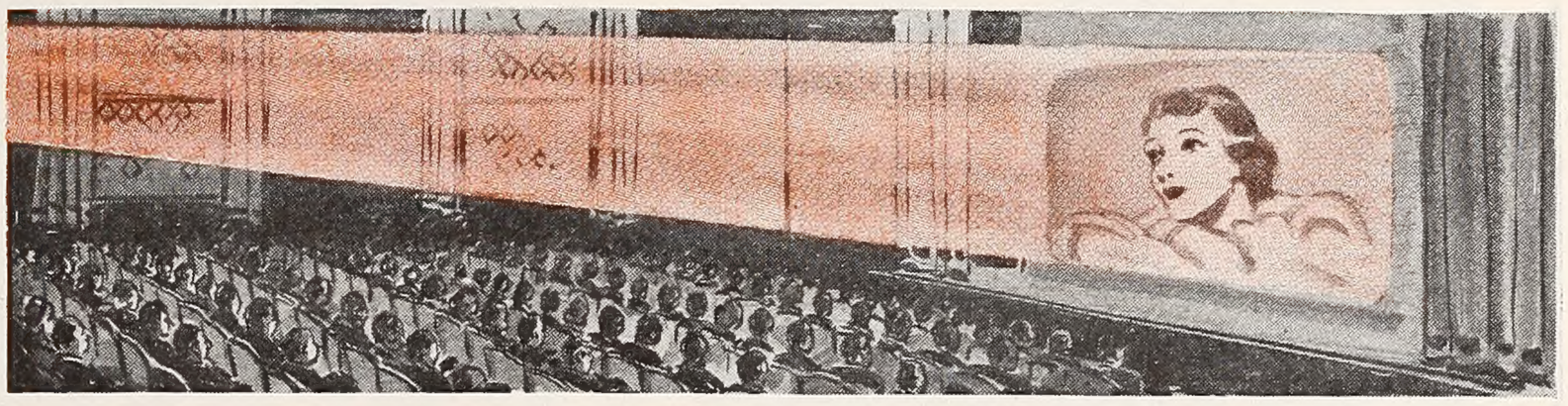
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MARY BURGUM, EDITOR
ABRIL LAMARQUE Art Editor
ADELIA BIRD, Associate Editor
REGINA CANNON, Hollywood Editor

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Discovered

IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!

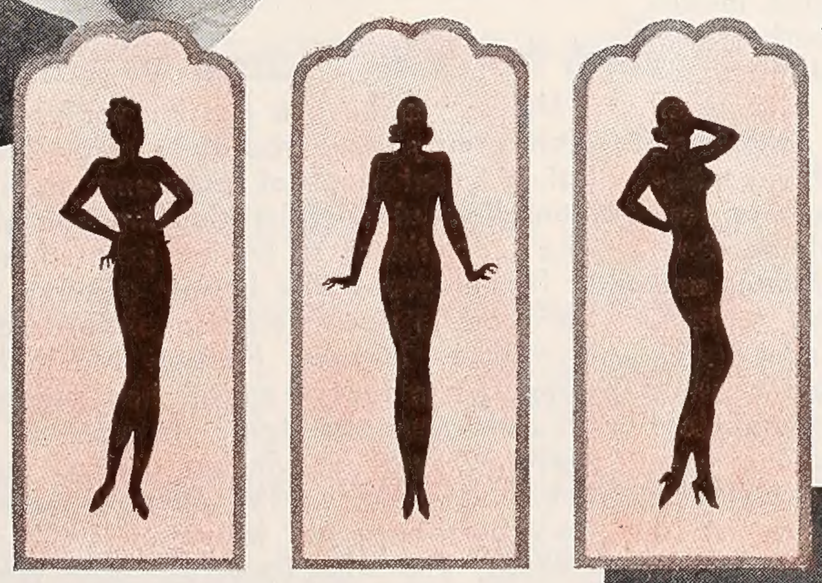


Together, A GREAT STAR and a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name —Luise Rainer!



WILLIAM POWELL *in*

Escapade

with

LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart —and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

Reviews

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES







Above, Charles Boyer and Kate Hepburn are tops in "Break of Hearts." Above, center, Joel McCrea, Shirley Temple and Rosemary Ames picnic in "Our Little Girl." Above, right, Chet Morris and Paul Kelly, gangsters in "Public Hero No. 1." Right, you can depend on Herbert Marshall and Ann Harding for some fine acting in "The Flame Within."



By Regina Cannon

Let Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard on page 52 be your picture guide.

★★★ Break of Hearts (RKO)

The Hepburn fans have a treat in store, for in this her latest, Katie has an opportunity to run the gamut of her emotions—and it isn't all the way from A to B, as a wisecracker once put the range of the young woman's histrionics. This time she takes in the whole twenty-six! Also, she looks radiant—which means that the camera's a fibber or the cameraman, an expert. But—and be still you thumping female hearts—the pièce d'résistance of the whole bloomin' business is one Charles Boyer. Not much on the profile, but oh, the charm and acting ability! John Beal, too, does a fine job in a secondary role—that of a champagne-drinking playboy—which is a far cry from "The Little Minister" and is one up for Mr. Beal's versatility. The first part of the story, which deals with the meeting of an ambitious music student and a great musical conductor, is thrilling in its beauty and realism. Then all of a sudden, something goes boom and, once again, we have the one about two rich, temperamental people chasing each other all around Robin Hood's Bar (not a typographical error), not to mention the great Atlantic. There is the conventional happy ending which, in a picture with such initial startling story possibilities, also comes in the nature of a let-down.

Preview Postscripts

During the making of this picture, the set was closed to visitors. Katie always insists upon this. It's probably the Garbo in her. The set is not only closed to visitors, but to columnists. Those are the baddies who insist that a star is invariably "that way" about her current leading man. Sometimes they're right. Sometimes they're wrong. At this writing, Charles Boyer is in Paris with his wife. Mr. B. is slated to do things to the female public. They in turn will do things to the male public. They'll say, "Why aren't you like Charles Boyer? Why aren'tcha, why aren'tcha? And then the male public will pick up its morning paper and leave without kissing the female public good-bye. John Beal may not cause much havoc, but he has his share of charm, though it's not of the "what I want, I take" variety. He comes to us via the Broadway stage, where he has several "hit" performances to his credit.

★★★ The Flame Within (M-G-M)

Unless you have a passion for psychiatry or Ann Harding, this picture may leave you quite cold. The story involves little action, but a great deal of profound meditation, sharp repartee and mental anguish. Miss Harding can always be depended upon to "do" something; so having painted, written and played the harp in former yarns, she is now a nerve specialist, intent on untying the knots in people's personalities and snarling her own up in the meantime. It takes Herbert Marshall to untangle her—in fact, it takes him four years of silent suffering before the independent creature sees the light. In spite of such troubles though, they both do some convincing acting. But Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward, as the doctor's patients, outshine the stars with their performances. Maureen is the spoiled, spunky daughter of millions, who tries to escape Life via wrist-slashing and window-leaping. Hayward seeks solace for his woes in dat ole debbil drink.

As a thoughtful psychological study this celluloider is okay, but it's too thoughtful to be classed as excellent entertainment.

Preview Postscripts

Mr. Edmund Goulding must not have been satisfactorily psychoanalyzed, for he became such an ardent student of psychiatry that not only did he direct this opus, but the story itself is the result of a Goulding brain-wave. (*Continued on page* 8)

"Accent on Youth"



Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.



Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.



Bob Woolsey and Bert Wheeler doing justice to "The Nit Wits." Believe us, it's hilariously funny.



Handsome Ray Milland is Sally Eilers' leading man in "Alias Mary Dow," a Universal picture.



Beautiful photography, a swell rhumba number and Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian in "Under the Pampas Moon," make it a must.



George Raft comes into his own in this exciting murder mystery, "The Glass Key," with Edwin Arnold and a grand cast.

REVIEWS

A tour of today's talkies

(*Continued from page 6*)

Besides looking "mental" enough to qualify for Mr. Goulding's heroine, Ann Harding also beats all the other fillum ladies on that "sassiety upper-crust" look—and she comes by it honestly. Brought up in military circles, Ann even knows how to take orders—ask Mr. G. But don't ask Harry Bannister, her first "ex"—and last, to date. He's too busy asking the courts, anyhow, about who's getting the custody of their small daughter, to pay much attention . . . Herbert Marshall's the bone of contention in these parts—seems all the brightest stars crave strong, silent men for reel lovers. So much so that real wife, Edna Best, packed up and sailed for merry England recently, leaving Bart at the mercy of Garbo, Shearer, Bennett and Swanson. Since Maureen O'Sullivan left the Emerald Isle, she's changed from a wild, Irish rose to a hard-working, dependable actress, who is now more in demand than almost any other young player. Maureen claims that everyone on this picture had a "ravelling good time," for the set looked like an old-fashioned knitting bee most of the time, with every feminine player making a dive for her knitting when a "shot" was over.

★★★ Our Little Girl (Fox)

It's another Shirley Temple picture, which means A-1 entertainment for the kiddies, a fair show for grown-ups and a great clanging of the box office bell. If one wants to register a criticism against little Miss Curley Top, it would be that she is beginning to act just a leetle bit too much and seems quite camera conscious at this stage of the game. But who could register a complaint against that endearing dimple, that enchanting smile and the sturdy bit of babyhood that is our Shirley?

This time the Fox starlet plays the daughter of a country doctor who unwittingly neglects his pretty wife for experiments, urgent hospital calls and the like. There is another man—of course, there always is—but he's not a baddie by intent; well, he's Lyle Talbot! However, Shirley saves her parents' marriage through her winsomeness. The child's supporting cast—Joel McCrea, Erin O'Brien-Moore and Rosemary Ames—do what they can at interpreting not too scintillating characters in a time-worn yarn, as does John Robertson who took care of the directorial end of the picture-making.

Preview Postscripts

If the green-eyed monster comprised part of Frances Dee's make-up, the young woman would forbid hubby, Joel McCrea, to appear in another Temple celluloider. Seems our Shirley is positively shameless in her affection for Joel. Everybody talked about it and, where there's so much smoke—well, *you* know. . . . On the strength of this great love, Fox tried to induce Mr. McC. to sign a contract to keep him in the fold, but he is evidently not permitting the romance to interfere with work, for he's still free-lancing. . . . Rosemary Ames, now the wife of Abner Stillwell who does big business in Chicago, got special permission from the groom to make this, her final, appearance on the screen. . . . As for Lyle Talbot, this gentleman did a little sulking about the set as he was once tops in Shirley's affections. It isn't easy to be supplanted, but time is a great healer. . . . Erin O'Brien-Moore, one of Broadway's finest stage stars, ought to be done something about. She's movie material plus. Somebody ought to throw a good role her way or at least a little decent lighting and then would she go places. . . . Let's not forget to mention Sniff. He's the Scottie the whole cast wanted to adopt when the picture was over. However, he's through with acting. It's too hectic. Maybe that's because he caused so many retakes. It's invariably the feller that's in the wrong that does the yipping. (*Continued on page 95*)

They HAVE ALL GONE GB

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures. ¶These stars are now with GB . . . because GB Productions have individuality, glamour, and a tone all their own.


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MADELEINE CARROLL


JACK HULBERT


NOVA PILBEAM

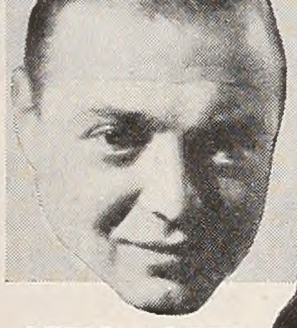

BORIS KARLOFF


FAY WRAY


CLAUDE RAINS


WALTER HUSTON


MADGE EVANS *


PETER LORRE


* MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN


LUPE VELEZ


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TOM WALLS

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- KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE
- PASSING OF THE 3RD FLOOR BACK
- MODERN MASQUERADE
- SECRET AGENT
- DR. NIKOLA
- KING SOLOMON'S MINES
- FIRST A GIRL
- BORN FOR GLORY
- ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND
- A GEORGE ARLISS SPECIAL

GB TOPS 'EM ALL

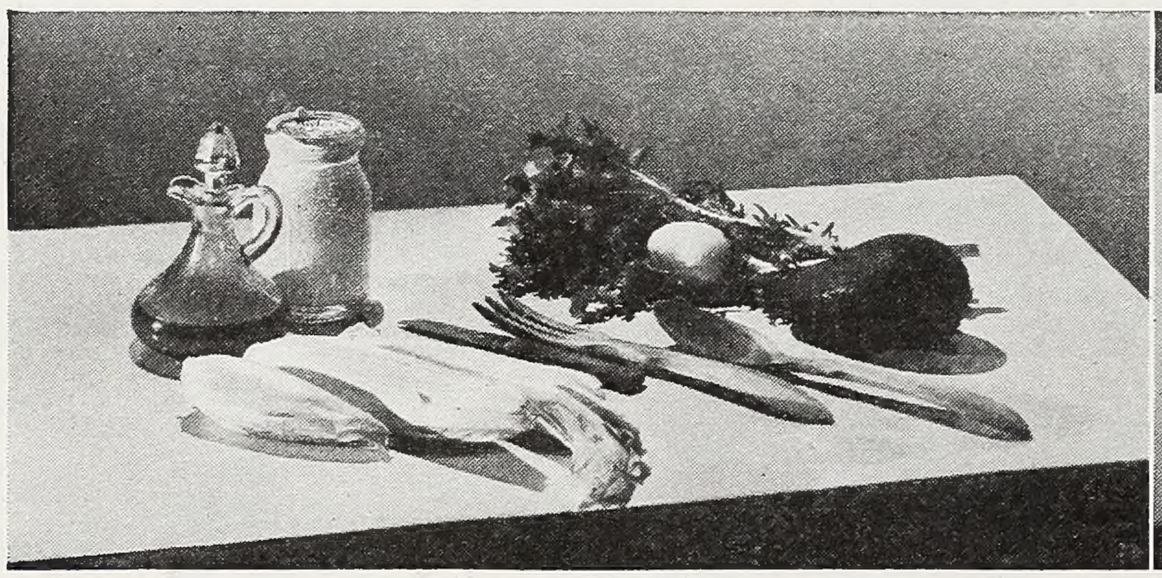
*By courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

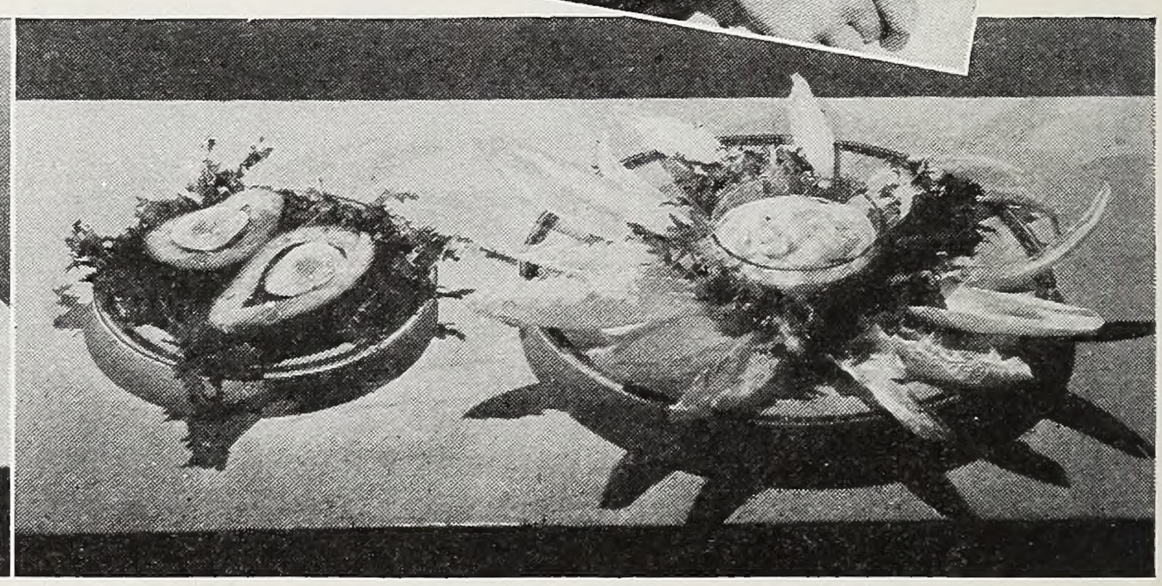
The Modern hostess

If you were a guest in Myrna Loy's home, the menu would include a crisp, tangy salad. Perhaps an Avocado or a Sour Cream Salad, the ingredients for which are pictured at the left, below. Simple to make, a treat to eat.



By Marjorie Deen





HUMOR, originality and sex appeal are outstanding characteristics of lovely, laughing, alluring Myrna Loy, as we all know. And those same qualities characterize the salads that are whipped together daily in Miss Loy's kitchen for her especial enjoyment.

"Sex appeal, humor and originality in *salads?* How is that possible?" you inquire incredulously.

Well, and why not? I know I was completely sold on just that possibility after hearing Myrna Loy's ideas on the subject of salads and after listening, fascinated, to the recipes and salad-making directions generously given me by Miss Loy's French-Spanish, Mexican-born secretary de luxe and feminine major-domo, Carolina Pradeau. From the efficient Carolina (pronounced Cahr-o-leena by Miss Loy) I managed to find out a good deal about new ways to fix and serve the different greens and dressings that comprise the salad course. But of even greater importance is the fact that I discovered during our conversation the kinds of salads that Myrna Loy demands.

"I loathe sweet salads, all thick with gooey fruits, cherries and whipped cream," redheaded Myrna informed me. "I like salads that are crisp, tart, full of green vegetables and drenched with a spicy dressing—a French dressing, maybe, or Thousand Island, or the Special Mayonnaise that Carolina makes. Down with sweet salads!" she declared with an impish smile.

And won't the men folk cheer at that declaration! For Myrna's words, I am sure, echo the protest of most of the males of the nation. Down with sweet salads indeed—men, like Myrna, want greens that are crisp and dry, vegetables that are fresh and crunchy and dressings that are tart and tangy.

Of course, it's not at all surprising that the men would approve of anything that Myrna favors, for as Loy goes so goes the masculine nation. Yes, since playing the humorous, companionable, entirely urbane wife in "The Thin Man" Miss Loy has become, in a comparatively short time, the Number One Glamor Girl of the films. Which merely proves that the exotic is out of date!

YOU REMEMBER doubtless when this very popular young star from Helena, Montana, self-christened Myrna Loy to match slanting green eyes, auburn hair and a striking appearance, played only sirens, without achieving more than a moderate success. Then along came another type of role completely and she discovered that a nice, healthy sense of humor gets a girl much farther these days!

But how to inject a sense of humor—not to mention sex appeal and originality—into a salad? Well, that's a problem that might well stump the average housewife. So let's see what hints we can collect from the imaginative Loy kitchen. I'm pleased to relate that while doing so we can also pick up some working plans for a couple of light summer dishes which Miss Loy dotes on.

Men will rave over the salads that Myrna Loy likes

These include one jewel among gems—a Mexican dish on which Carolina prides herself no end. It is Myrna's favorite concoction and is called "Taquitos"—but more about that later.

On those days when her many other duties allow her time to go into the kitchen, Carolina proves to be a splendid all-around cook. And, according to Myrna, she's a past master at salad-making in general, having very definite ideas about the ingredients that go into her salads. "More salads are ruined in the making than in the serving," she says very wisely.

"Never," says Miss Loy's Carolina, "do I let metal touch the salad greens—whether lettuce, romaine, chicory, endive or water cress. Many people shred greens with scissors, you know, or chop them with a knife. Not I! I always tear salad greens with my fingers."

How many times, in restaurants, have you marveled at a salad's firm, fresh beauty? Well, to achieve the crisp, dry perfection of a professional chef's salad, according to Carolina, you place your greens in a sieve or colander, wash them thoroughly in cold water, shake the water from each leaf and place the greens in a dry napkin. Then place them in the refrigerator for three hours or so. This eliminates the necessity for freshening greens with ice cubes or any danger of waterlogging them.

Another Carolina precaution is never to put the salad dressing on greens and vegetables until the last moment—just before serving, in fact. As you have probably learned from sad experience, nothing ruins a salad more quickly than adding the dressing an hour or more before serving and popping it into the refrigerator for safe-keeping. Your salad comes out as limp as a post-Christmas pocketbook!

HAVING found out that Myrna is extremely fond of salads, I set about discovering her favorites from Carolina. One, I found out, is Sour Cream Salad; another is a delicious concoction called Salad De Luxe, the recipe for which Myrna begged from the chef of Musso-Frank's Café, a popular and informal Hollywood restaurant. Still another is a ritzy Salad Caviar, and the fourth is a pictorially perfect dish utilizing an avocado (alligator pear, you know) and a hard-boiled egg to achieve a handsome effect and a dashing color scheme.

Salads, in the Loy household, frequently take the place of desserts, appearing last on the menu, followed only by a small (*Continued on page 90*)





"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That *grand golden soap* is so *chockful of naptha* that dirt almost flies out. And I mean *ALL OF IT*, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And it's nice to hands, too." © 1935, FELS & CO.



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It's a life-saver!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . .

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP"

By Regina Cannon





(Left) Sharon Lynn, Sally Eilers and Myrna Loy at the Beverly-Wilshire. Myrna went to Europe after a studio tiff. (Below) Laughton, Gloria Swanson, Herb Marshall, Frances Marion and Merle Oberon celebrate the King's Jubilee at the Ambassador.



When is a husband not a husband? Yep, you're right! When he's Mae West's. However, all this talk about wedding rings, rice, old shoes and the event that is supposed to have come off way back in 1911 isn't getting the buxom blonde down. Indeed, 'tis said that the handsome dark lad with eyes like coals of fire (just the poet in us, pals) who led the lion cub on a leash before the Brown Derby recently is the present object of Mae's affections. Anna-hoo, the fans armed with autograph albums and fountain pens, bent on collecting the "John Hancocks" of their film favorites, retreated when the miniature Leo made his personal appearance, and the doorman at the B. D. beat a hasty retreat into the adjoining auto park, as your reporter dropped the pound of steak she was carrying in order to keep the African puppy busy while she looked for a hole in which to hide.

Well, whoever said that there is nothing left to hunt in the jungles these days except the Martin Johnsons surely knew what he was talking about!

■ ■ ■

Just to prove that we're generous or foolhardy or sumpin', we give any of you who may be embryo lyric writers a lead on a new song. Howz about "When it's casting time at Metro, then the stars begin to sulk?" Never mind, never mind, you're welcome! Seems that that gwate big Wally Beery just didn't like the role assigned him in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," so he up and flew away to parts unknown until the Powers That Be decided to coax him back. Yep, they didn't even know Wally had gone until the hangar in the airport was found empty.

Then Myrna Loy, so full of "perze" and aplomb, didn't care for her part in "Lie Like a Gentleman," so she took a train and a boat and wound up in dear ole Lunnon. That was going far enough away from an unpleasant situation, you'll admit! However, all's well that ends well and, at this writing, the two problem children have returned to home and filmside with a vacation apiece to the good.

Moral: If you want a thing, don't ask for it—just take it!

■ ■ ■

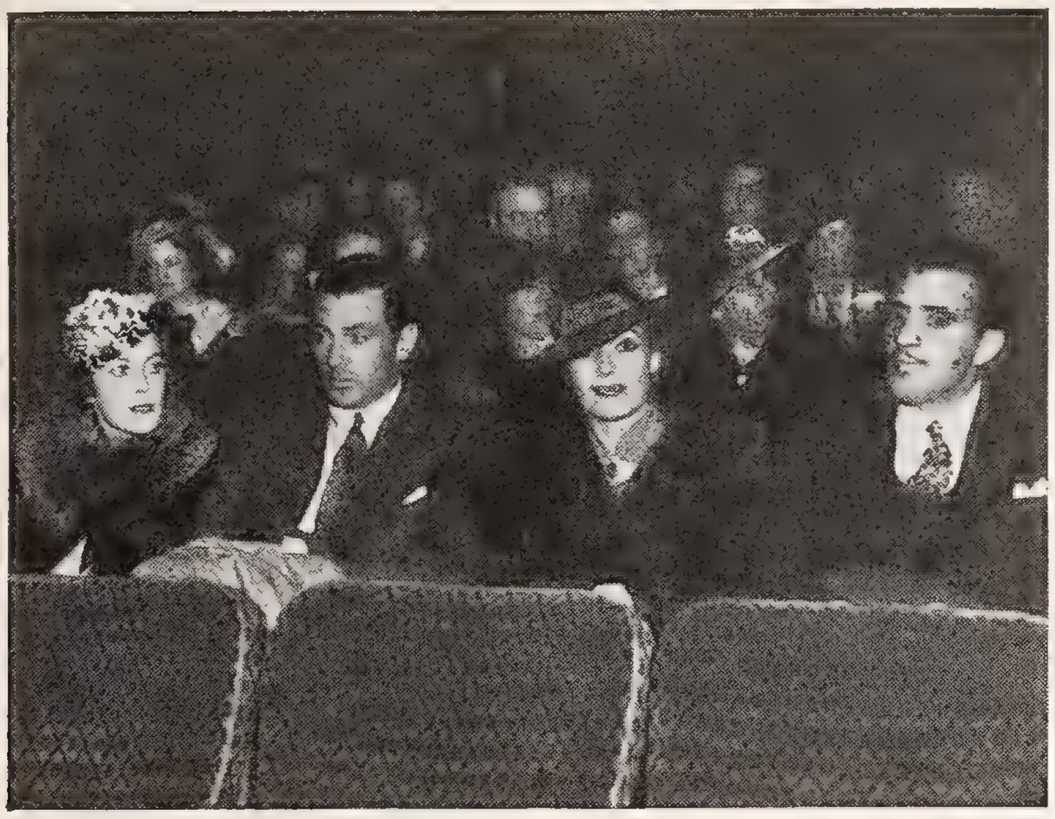
Well, it may not have been orchids to Ann Sothern, but it surely turned out to be a big corsage of scallions for Gene Raymond! It seems that the story got around Hollywood that this pair were "that way" and that the platinum gent had sent Miss S. a dozen orchids to clinch the deal. Instead of being grateful that he was accused of being such a spendthrift, Raymond em-

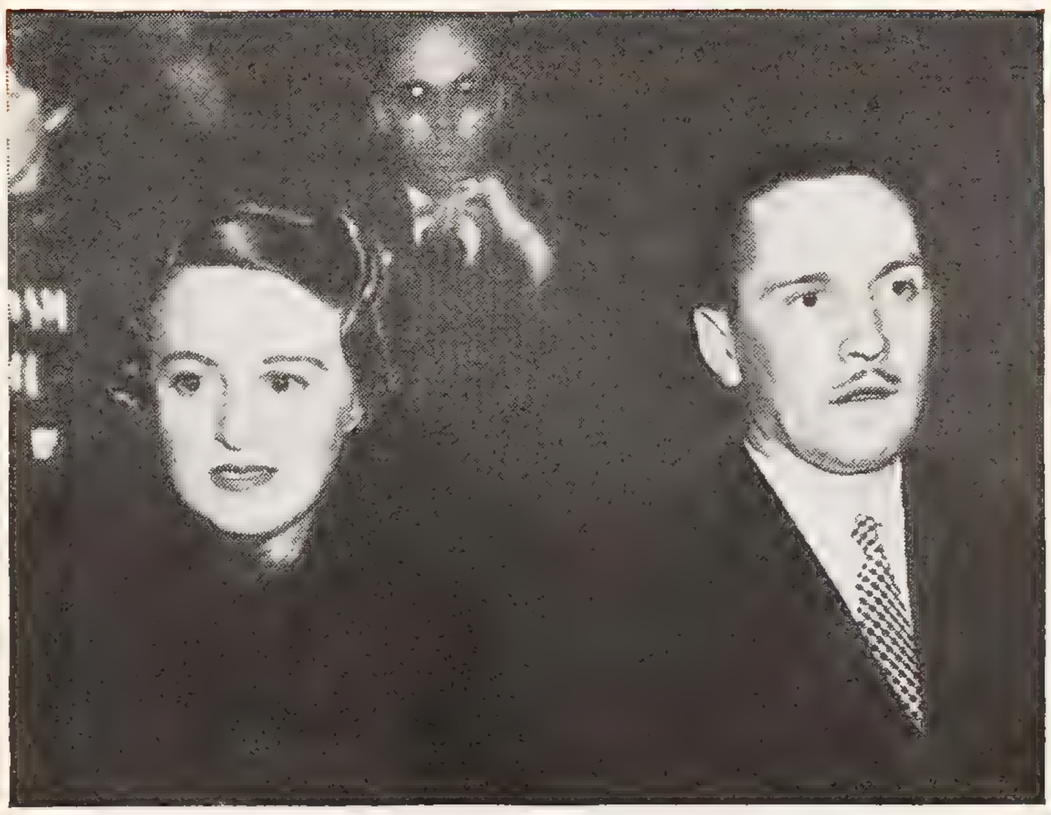
Come and get the lowdown on the ever-changing



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

(Below) The Gary Coopers and the Cedric Gibbons (Del Rio) turned out for the charity benefit given by Art Stebbins for the children's playground. (Right) And the Fredric Marches, who gave such realistic portrayals in the film classic "Les Miserables."





phatically denied wherever possible that he even so much as presented the lady with a posie. Gallant—eh, wot? Naturally the woman in the case became much embarrassed. But Gene explained it all away by saying that if the false rumor got around to Janet Gaynor she might be angry and perhaps even jealous. Now, pull-eez! Janet with her dentist-beau, her impacted wisdom tooth n'everything!

■ ■ ■

You're gonna fall for Luise Rainer, Metro's latest importation, when you see her in "Lie Like a Gentleman." La Rainer was discovered in Hamburg (a city in Germany, not to be confused with the product of a hot dog stand) and is totally unimpressed even by genius.

A charming gentleman approached the table when we lunched recently and after he departed, Luise remarked, "He eez so sweet. He play to me on the boat coming over when I am so-o seasick. He play well, too. Heez name is Mischa Elman." And how are *you* getting along with your music?

Did you know that Shirley Temple has two false teeth? Yes, yes, she's getting along now, is our little girl. In order to fill the space left by two departed baby molars, a dentist inserted tiny china ones and Shirley had her troubles keeping them adjusted during the filming of "Our Little Girl."

■ ■ ■

The English colony here are certainly augmenting our vocabulary! Someone asked Herbert Marshall why he didn't buy a home in Beverly Hills and really settle down.

"My dear," he replied, "I can't stand *coping,* that is why. Coping with mortgages, coping with taxes, coping with servants!" However, luckily for the real estate agents, there are plenty of Americans who like to cope!

■ ■ ■

Those old meanies who predicted that the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey matrimonial bark was heading for disaster are now just as busy pretending that they don't know what is being talked about when the matter is accusingly brought up. You see, when Joan tripped to New York all by her lonesome recently, it was to visit her oculist and not for the gay vacation that was reported. This news is perhaps disappointing in some quarters, but nevertheless true!



Ginger Rogers shows a distinguished guest about the "Top Hat" set, Col. Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Ginger's sea-going costume is nifty, dontcha think?

We wonder if Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames like to play Indian. At a recent preview of Bruce's latest picture, "Let 'Em Have It," he entered the theatre lobby alone and twenty paces behind (or four tomahawks) his "squaw" sauntered. Two nights later at a big preview, along came Bruce, all dressed up and on parade seemingly by himself. And again, Adrienne brought up the rear. What goes on? The Cherokees vs. the Comanches? No prize will be given for the answer, no matter how nearly correct you hit it.

■ ■ ■

Pat Ellis was seen for the first time in lo, these many moons, stepping out to the Trocadero with Earl Blackwell. Theirs was one of those romances that "flivvered" as Hollywood romances have a way of doing, but it looks as if all's well again with this handsome young couple—for the time being, anyhow.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of constancy, if you think that sudden fame and fortune necessarily change a young man's affections, you'll be surprised. Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor, lads who will go far histrionically and financially, are still cuh-razy for the gals who "knew them when." Fred still knows that the beautiful model in a Los Angeles department store is the only one for him and Bob will tell you any old time that a "bit" player on the lot—and not Jean Parker or any other Jean—is the feminine tops.



No, now don't get excited! Bill Powell isn't dating Joan Bennett Markey in place of Jean Harlow. They just were snapped this way at a recent benefit. So that's that, my dears.

■ ■ ■

You'll find it's the biggest, boldest, baddest he-men who carefully walk several feet out of their way to avoid going under a ladder. So we weren't s'prised to hear that Buck Jones is superstitious. His famous horse, "Silver," is getting along in years, so has had to have several doubles for difficult feats. And each and every one of his new stand-ins must answer to the name of "Silver" before Buck allows him to appear in the picture! Claims that name has brought him nine-tenths of all the luck he's ever had.

Can you imagine it? We always thought the best place to study the Hollywood stars was right on Hollywood Boulevard, but Doris Kenyon, Fritz Leiber, Joan Crawford, Billie Burke and many other of the movie colony folks go to Griffith Park these days where the world-famous planetarium has just been completed. They claim it's the best place in town to study the stars.



Frances Langford, a great radio pet, sings a duet with Dick Powell for a weekly broadcast. Frances is on the coast to make a picture. She's a cute trick to watch for.

■ ■ ■

Kay Johnson believes in suffering for her art if need be. In fact, she's even sacrificing husband John Cromwell's peace of mind for the next year to come—at least every time he looks at her. For t'other day Kay had her hair cut off within an inch of her scalp—all for the Noble Cause. She happens to be crazy about her new role for "Jalna" and, finding that the wigs which she was to wear looked too heavy, Kay just hied herself to the nearest barber chair, shut her eyes, gritted her teeth, and told him to go to it! What's more, she's facing a predicament with her hats, for the only kind of chapeau Kay will wear is the kind that perch right on the tip of her nose.

■ ■ ■

Know how you get the jitters when someone literally sits on the horn of their car in front of your house? Well, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot know how 'tis, anyhow, for the other day they were entertaining Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, when a loud and persistent tooting started up from the front drive. Finally Evelyn reached for her hat, claiming that she was slowly but surely losing her mind—and she'd rather lose it at home. So the Hal Mohrs' started for their car, only to find it hidden in a cloud of smoke, with a valiant crowd of neighbors dousing buckets of water on it and frantically honking the horn for the owner!

Adrian, who designs smart gowns and snappy accessories over Metro way, had a tough assignment on his hands recently. The order was to think up something gay and colorful in the way of lady's apparel for Stuart Erwin. No, your eyes are *not* deceiving you! It seems that Stu is to play a female impersonator in "Broadway Melody." Try as Adrian would, his client got twisted up in every length of silk he put on and, no matter how conservative the model, Mr. E's freckled face beaming atop it, gave the frock that futile, silly look.

Speaking of the Erwins, this happy pair threw a spook party not so long ago, at which the women became so hysterical that it was called off in favor of bridge in short order. Among those frightened were the Paul Kellys, Pat O'Briens, James Cagneys and Frank McHughs—all Persians!

■ ■ ■

The making of "Diamond Jim Brady" rated Hugh O'Connell a couple of sprained leg ligaments. It seems that Hughie was required to bounce a Gay Nineties belle on each knee in the barroom sequence. The gals hadn't even a bowing acquaintance with lamb chops and pineapple—or any other diet you can name. Mr. O'C. must have bounced too realistically and—well, you know the rest! He was carried home only to find that more ill luck had overtaken him. His Chinese cook had heard about their needing extras for "Oil for the Lamps of China" and swiftly departed Warnerward to be an actor without so much as a "by your leave" from Hughie. It never rains, but it pours!

■ ■ ■

Jean Muir is fast climbing the ladder of success. But she's climbing in her stocking feet! Before going into any of those tensely dramatic scenes, for which she's gaining such an enviable reputation, Jean kicks her shoes into a corner on the set. Then she proceeds to emote. "I feel so much more more soulful this way," she explains.

■ ■ ■

If there's anything that makes the husky men of the screen grit their molars and see red, 'tis when some lissome lassie sighs enviously and says, "Aren't they lucky—never having to diet for their screen figgers!" For—shhhh—even the gentlemen of the fifth estate have to watch that third dimension. Clark Gable, Richard Dix, Pat O'Brien, in fact all of 'em—are subject to waistline scrutiny by their directors. The latest actor to go on a rampage of pineapple juice and an occasional lettuce leaf is Jimmy Dunn who was advised in no uncertain tones to part with ten pounds before showing up for the lead in "Song and Dance Man."

■ ■ ■

In "Orchids to You," John Boles' latest flicker, you'll see the world's most beeYOUtiful set—in fact you'll almost smell it! It's a florist shop built of chromium and glass and housing millions of lovely flowers. There are American Beauties, orchids, violets, lilies, camellias and—well, every variety of bloom under the sun. Such a profusion of posies we'd never seen—and wouldja believe it, every one is artificial! Special studio flower-makers have painstakingly patterned each bloom into such an exact replica of the original that only by feeling the paper leaves and sniffing the pasty perfume could we believe that our eyes deceived us.

■ ■ ■

Fay Wray just can't keep her feet on the ground any more. After flying from New York to Hollywood, following her return from London, where she was kept busy by Gaumont-British doing "Clairvoyant" and "Bulldog Jack," Fay spent just two weeks in sunny California, then flitted back to New York enroute to foggy England. "I just don't like terra firma," Fay explained to the crowd seeing her off at the airport. "Well, as for me," flipped Bob Montgomery, "the more firma the less terra."

(*Continued on page 54*)



Going up! The Laurels and the Hardys rise to the ballroom floor of the Beverly - Wilshire for the Mayfair party. Left to right, Mrs. Laurel, Stan, Mrs. Hardy and Oliver.



The two charming Mexican sisters, Renee and Raquel Torres, pose informally. Raquel is Mrs. Stephen Ames, you know. And Renee dates many swains.



Hollywood wonders if James Bakewell and Mary Carlisle are back together again. They certainly look chummy here as snapped at the Torres' tennis party.

beauty advice

A vacation can do wonders for you—from a beauty standpoint



Grace Moore, off to Cannes for her vacation a while ago, knows the value of "getting away from it all." Why don't you, too, catch up on your beauty while you're vacationing?

by Mary Biddle

AROUND about this time we read snatches about the stars "getting away from it all," and tripping off to Europe, or the Bermudas, or retiring to their own "little" place in the country. For sheer vacation glamor we hand the palm to Grace Moore and her handsome husband, Valentin Parera, who celebrated the occasion of their fourth wedding anniversary in Venice, in the very "Palazzo" overlooking the Grand Canal where they spent their honeymoon. The glorious Grace sang at the King's Jubilee in London, and spent some time at her home near Cannes in Southern France, so she is our idea of a cosmopolitan vacationer de luxe.

Ah, me, we sigh in envy, and wonder how it would feel to plan a vacation such as that. But here we are up to planning our own vacations, so we can't be very envious. Do try to make your vacation as different as possible this year. We all need a change of scenery, a "getting away from it all," once in a while. A vacation is the greatest wrinkle eradicator in the world. The fatigue lines that make our faces haggard, and develop those nose-to-mouth furrows, the frown wrinkles that etch themselves through worry and tenseness, all get smoothed out miraculously.

All right, you say, it's all very well for her to talk, but we can't very well make a vacation different unless we have a different budget. Well, what if you only get a vacation in the country, you can make it a real beautifying vacation, anyway. Take long hikes along country roads and sweet smelling woods. "Go Hollywood" and wear shorts. Climb fences and jump brooks. Ride horseback. Climb haystacks and slide down them. All those things are going to accomplish marvels with your figure. The spare tire around your waistline will be punctured before you know it. You'll have to take in deep breaths of the fresh air, and there is nothing better than deep breathing exercises to round out a hollow neck and flat chest, and make you desirable looking in a décolletage evening gown for later on. You have soft water in the country, too, which your skin will appreciate. You'll come back from your vacation looking so healthy that you'll gasp at your-



self in the mirror, and say in admiration, "Is it really I?"

Whatever your vacation, whether it be spent at the seaside, in the mountains, or in the city "doing the sights," you generally have to make your trip by train, auto, or boat. (Unless you're like Miriam Hopkins and a lot of the Hollywoodites who go in for air travel almost exclusively.) So you'll want to have a complete, compact, convenient, ready-at-a-moment's notice beautifying kit. Suppose you should discover Robert Montgomery or Ronald Colman back on the observation platform of your train. Don't whip out your compact, and apply fresh powder, rouge and lipstick over stale, grimy make-up. Hie yourself to the dressing-room or turn an implacable back to curious onlookers. Apply your cleansing cream with quick but thorough fingertips. A quick cleanser is one of the most important things your beauty kit should hold. A liquefying cleanser that melts right down in your pores in a jiffy is a grand quick cleanser. Remove the cream with soft facial tissues. And do carry a large supply of the latter on any and all traveling occasions. (Use them double thickness and you'll find them the most sanitary handkerchiefs in the world . . . you know how grubby looking handkerchiefs get in a short while.) After removal of the cream with the tissues, wipe away every last trace of oil with a skin freshener. If you're feeling hot and sticky, a skin freshener or mild astringent is a beautifully refreshing face tonic. Pat the freshener on with a small cotton pad which you can throw away afterward. You can get a small box of cotton pads at the ten-cent store, and they're a worthy traveling investment. Use them for patting on your powder, too. Some of the powder puffs I've seen traveling have been grimy enough to make strong men shudder.

RAQUEL TORRES, who married Stephen Ames a year or so ago, and has since had about four or five honeymoon trips, says that the success of keeping fresh looking while you're traveling depends on the frequent cleansing of the skin. And that's one time when you can't say, "Oh, I just don't have time for it."

If you can manage it in your vacation budget, an overnight kit is a convenient thing to have for carrying all your beautifying aids; the kind with a mirror in the top so that it becomes a regular portable dressing-table. When I say all your beautifying aids, I'm not prescribing

(*Continued on page 77*)



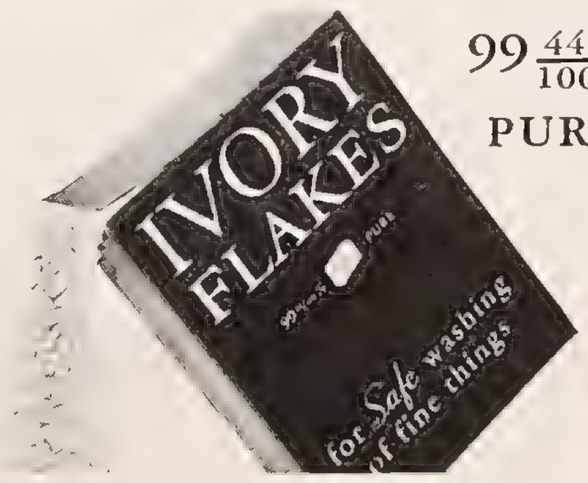
"Ivory-Washables" go to town!

These Frocks by "Carolyn"

Makers of gay smart dresses advise,
"Wash them with IVORY FLAKES"

Cape frocks . . . jacket ensembles . . . prints—the most exciting new frocks are being designed to take trips through lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. The Carolyn Modes we show, for example, are all tagged "washable with Ivory Flakes." And listen to what other creators of America's smartest daytime clothes say—"We have found that pure Ivory Flakes give the best results in laundering our washable fashions." Of course, Ivory is *pure*—that's why it's an "Ivory-washable" season!

Good news for you—and good luck for your pocket-book! You get *1/5 more flakes for your money* when you buy the big blue Ivory box. Ivory Flakes are your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics soap today!



99 44/100 % PURE

An Intimate Subject.... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW



"CAN'T CHAFE"

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

Is important, too

Security means much to every woman at all times . . . and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

Gives evening peace-of-mind

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.



Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.



QUEST

the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness

A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex . . . only 35c for the large 2-ounce can.



Encore!

A triumphant encore to "One Night of Love" is Grace Moore's new Columbia picture, "Love Me Forever." Leo Carrillo and Michael Bartlett, a new singer, provide the love interest for the lovely diva in this opus. Grace finished work on the picture and then rushed off to New York and a sailing for England in order to keep her date at Covent Garden on June 6, when she warbled for the King and Queen as part of the Jubilee celebration. Any prolonged stay in Europe will depend upon how soon Columbia will need her.

Clever—lovely

Bette Davis need no longer doubt that Hollywood thinks she's a swell actress since all the Academy Awards stir. Evidently undismayed by the clamor, Bette steals a sun bath between shots on "Front Page Woman."

After an Hawaiian vacation that stirred up romantic wedding rumors about an Army officer, Ann Harding is back at work, looking lovelier, if possible. Her next role is in the famous play, "The Flame Within."

Boys

Here he is, girls, the blond young gent who is giving all Hollywood's he-men a bad case of migraine since you fans went wild over him in "Naughty Marietta"! Nelson Eddy —a magnetic new personality, grand voice and—well, the editorial staff is out of adjectives! He and Jeanette MacDonald will team soon again for M-G-M.



And to the right, another new face that is causing a great flutter whenever it flashes on the screen—Fred MacMurray. Perhaps it's because Fred considers all the acclaim just pure luck, that he gives a very genuine, unaffected portrayal to all his roles. "Men Without Names," a new one of the G-men thrillers, is in work now with Fred in an important role.





You don't need any introduction to this suave, charming gentleman who adds a distinguished touch to every picture he appears in. Sir Guy Standing, of course. Incidentally, Sir Guy has had Hollywood's tongues twitting about his frequent public appearances with Toby Wing. You'll see him next in "The Big Broadcast of 1935."



That zany, Charlie Ruggles—he manages to get into more baffling situations than any other comedian on the screen. It's probably the wrong number that he's toying with here, but you'll have to see him in "No More Ladies" to make sure. Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Franchot Tone are Charlie's playmates in this opus.



Collegiate

She may be a mother and one of Hollywood's most respectable matrons, but to her fans, Arline Judge is the collegian's delight. Her lively wise-cracking netted her her eighteenth campus flapper part in "College Scandal." And if you don't think it takes skill to be a perennial collegian—try it!

Young Miss

This gay young miss has a way of stealing more than her share of applause in about every screen role she has. Jane Withers isn't quite ten yet but she is a swell little actress. Meet "Bubbles" who poses with Jane and is her pet blue Persian kitten sent by a fan. Jane's in "Ginger" with Jackie Searle.

the truth about the *Mysterious* Miss Loy

First part in the charming story of a plain freckle-faced Montana girl who became Hollywood's leading exotic lady

By Gladys Hall

A little girl of thirteen stood alone in a strange room and said to herself, *"My Daddy is dead."* And, as that thin, chill knife of dread certainty entered her heart, it cut her life right in half, as neat an incision as ever was made.

For on one side of the knife-cut stretched thirteen sunny, secure years for little Myrna Williams, daughter of David and Della Williams. Happy home life in the pleasant spacious house in Helena, Montana.

Helena was a wealthy community, for many of the Gold Rush families were still living luxuriously and gaily upon the wealth the Gulch had once given up to them. They were the comfortable custodians of the Gulch and life was lived spaciously there, substantially and well. And the Williams family, while not conspicuously wealthy, were comfortable, too.

The small Myrna's first thirteen years were lived in a peaceful, plentiful home of her own, with a room of her own and pretty clothes, books and toys plus good times with a young brother, David, to tease and be teased by. The Montana ranges were her playground and on those magnificent acres she grew robust, hardy and fit.

Myrna's grandparents were pioneers, stalwart men and sturdy, child-bearing women who had come over the plains in covered wagons, taking the day as they found it. From them, Myrna believes, she has inherited her belief that to live for the day is sufficient unto itself. As those hard-living pioneers laid them down to rest, giving thanks for a day of food and safety, so Myrna lives only for the day and does not reckon with tomorrow, and tomorrow. She takes good care of the present. She leaves the future to her Presbyterian God.

Once, when she was very small, a visitor teased her and said, "What nationality are you, Myrna?" And the child answered, soberly, "I am Presbyterian."

And she was. *Very* Presbyterian during her adolescent years. Given to reading the Bible for hours at a time and saying long and earnest prayers, very preoccupied with the rigors of observing the Ten Commandments.

Her father's people were Welsh, her mother's people came from Scotland and Sweden. Only last year her mother returned to Scotland to visit and brought back interesting tales of the eighteen sons and daughters of the maternal great-grandmother who are settled the length and breadth of the Scot domain.

MYRNA NEVER saw her father's mother but she is said to resemble her. From the paternal grandmother, she has been told, come those wide cheek bones and slightly Oriental eyes, that Celtic something in that calm provocative face. Strange and haunting are the tales told of Grandmother Williams, of her fascination and courage, her Welsh wit and wisdom, the aura of mystery that always hovered over her. The "Mystery Woman of Hollywood" must be legend derived direct from the "Mystery Woman of Wales!"

But it was Myrna's maternal grandmother who most influenced Myrna's childhood. Myrna's mother and father were gay and sociable people. They had a great many friends, a great zest for life and entertained and were entertained lavishly. And many a time Myrna and the small David were sent to Grandmother Annabelle's for the night or for a week at a time. And Grandmother Annabelle was a memory-making grandmother. The kind of a grandmother who had a storeroom full to overflowing with jams and pastries, and cookie jars full of ginger cookies and a reticule filled with pep'mint lozenges and a heart full of the old lore of the days when she had crossed the country in a covered wagon.

"She never took *anything* as a hardship," Myrna told me, "and I think that if I have any independence of spirit I owe a great deal of it to Grandmother Johnson. As a child she gave me to understand that there is something nasty about people who whimper and whine, even when those people have a real right to scream and cry. She had a lusty fearless joy in life and hardships were a part of life and you took them—standing up!"

Myrna's father was her pal, too. He was a gay person, Myrna told me, a man who made a lot of money in Montana lands and believed that

(*Continued on page 63*)



Above, Myrna as the daughter of Fu Manchu, one of the many oriental roles that first typed her. Below, as a dancer in an early picture—she ex pected to dance to fame.



Left, Myrna, the finished actress of today who will soon do a sequel to "The Thin Man." And below, Myrna Williams, as pretty a baby as ever opened her eyes in Montana!



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acing difficult problems and co...
using conditions."

He turned to the blue-coated vet-
erans seated around him.

"Men of the G. A. R.," he said,
"may I, as Mayor of the City of
New York, extend to you the grati-
tude of the people of the city and
express the hope that you may all

They Await Parade

OLDEST, AT 95, STILL HALE

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ALL ABOUT THE GREAT MAE WEST MARRIAGE QUESTION

Is Mae married or not? Evidence gathered for this story answers "No." But what do you think?

By ROBERT EICHBERG

WHEN MILWAUKEE relief workers, reassorting municipal files, came across an application for a marriage license dated April 11, 1911, and made out to "Mae West" and "Frank Wallace," nobody was very much interested at first. It might have meant any Mae West (there was one in burlesque some twenty years ago—and another is a colored girl living in Harlem today)—or another Frank Wallace, for that is not an uncommon name.

But when closer inspection revealed that the married Mae gave her birthplace as Brooklyn, her father's name as John, and her mother's maiden name as Matilda Dilker, born in Paris, the whole world pricked up its ears. For our own curvaceous Mae's father was Battling Jack West, and her mother fit the other description. Then, too, Mae was born in Brooklyn.

Immediately the press of the nation went mad. They printed a denial from Mae, who said, "I never heard of the guy." A statement from Jack Linder, who produced her big stage hit, "Diamond Lil," saying, "She got Frank Wallace a job in the show. They were together a lot. But he died a couple of years ago." Another from a Frank Wallace who is a dancer in vaudeville, saying, "I'm the man Mae married and I can prove it." A facsimile of Mae's sworn statement, made when she was convicted of giving an immoral performance in her show "Sex," shows that she then swore she WAS married.

This, apparently, clinched it, so MODERN SCREEN sent me up to interview Wallace.

He made an appointment to meet me in the room of his dancing partner, Trixie La Mae, in a theatrical hotel on West 45th Street. It was one of the strangest places I have ever seen—a brilliant crimson dressing table—a mammoth scarlet radio set—a depressed little monkey gibbering in a big cage—two monster couches —and an atmosphere so full of cigarette smoke you needed a gas mask.

MISS LA MAE, a tall slender blonde with a southern drawl, introduced me to Wallace. He is tall, dark, partly bald and very thin, with deep-sunken black eyes and a nervous manner. The first thing he said was, "I can give you a swell story. I can tell you all about it. But I've got to get some consideration."

"You'll get every consideration," I said. "I'll even check the story with you before I print it."

"Well," he said, "I didn't mean that. I meant for expenses. Like for pictures."

"You won't have any expenses. We'll take any necessary pictures."

Then it came out. Mr. Wallace would give us any sort of story we wanted on Mae—if we hired him. We explained that any story he was paid to give us wouldn't be worth printing, because he would naturally try to earn his money, and therefore would be biased. We did agree, however, to pay him ten dollars apiece for any old photos he had of himself and Mae, outside of the one picture already published in the papers.

He told us several conflicting stories of why he could not give us the pictures. First, they had all been destroyed in a fire at his mother's home; second, that his manager had them, and would want more money than that to release them; third, that they were up at his mother's in Albany, and it would cost quite a bit to go there and search for them. Then he suggested that pictures could be "faked."

To be fair about it, I don't (*Continued on page 92*)

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plan that was outlawed.
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...tion case. The com
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Here at the right are some of the pictures which may influence your answer to our question. First the marriage license that came to light in Milwaukee and started all the fun. Below, at left, is Mae in "Diamond Lil" when a Frank Wallace was the "singing waiter" shown with her. And, next right, the same Frank with the two who made up his trio in the same play. Last row, Mae as she is today in "Goin' to Town." And last, a dark Mae in a honeymoon pose with a Frank Wallace and her brother. Do you think the dark-haired gal looks like our blonde Mae?

MARGIN RESERVED FOR BINDING

WRITE PLAINLY WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD

This form of certificate is to be used only by local registrars for reporting to the REGISTER OF DEEDS. SEND THIS CERTIFICATE COMPLETELY FILLED OUT TO THE REGISTER OF DEEDS when the monthly report is mailed to the state office.

DO NOT distribute these blanks to statisticians or other persons required to report marriages to you. Remember that all original certificates must be sent direct to the State Registrar.

PLACE OF MARRIAGE

County of MILWAUKEE

Township of

or Village of

or City of MILWAUKEE

STATE OF WISCONSIN

Department of Health—Bureau of Vital Statistics

COPY OF MARRIAGE RECORD

Page No. (To be filled out by the register of

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

GROOM		BRIDE	
Full Name	Frank Wallace	Full Name	Mae West
Residence	Brooklyn N. Y.	Residence	Brooklyn N. Y.
Color or Race	W	Color or Race	W
Age at Last Birthday	31 (Years)	Age at Last Birthday	18 (Year)
Single, Widowed or Divorced	S	Single, Widowed or Divorced	S
Number of Marriage	1	Number of Marriage	1
Birthplace	New York (State or Country)	Birthplace	New York (State or Country)
Occupation	Actor	Occupation	Actress
Name of Father	Joe Wallace	Name of Father	John West
Birthplace of Father	Russia (State or Country)	Birthplace of Father	New York (State or Country)
Maiden Name of Mother	Anna Rubria	Maiden Name of Mother	Matilda Dilker
Birthplace of Mother	Russia (State or Country)	Birthplace of Mother	France (State or Country)

Maiden Name of the Bride, if she was previously married

CERTIFICATE OF PERSON PERFORMING CEREMONY

I HEREBY CERTIFY that Frank Wallace

Mae West *were joined in Marriage*

in accordance with the laws of the State of Wisconsin, at Milwaukee Wis

this 11th *day of* April, 1911

WITNESSES: (2)

Name Arthur Chutkin

Residence Milwaukee

Name Etta H. Wood

Residence Newark N. Y.

Signature of Person officiating and P. O. address Joseph E. Cordes, Judge of the Civil Court, Milwaukee Co., Wis

FILED Apr 14, 1911

F. A Kraft M. D. *Local Registrar*

40553 *License No.* 4/11/11 *Date*

County Clerk Martin Plehn

esidence, 22 Montauk ... May 29. Reposing at the uneral Parlors, Broadway and uneral services May 31, 12 ght-saving time), in the chapel 's Methodist Episcopal Church, Av. and 86th St., Rev. Dr. L. Forman officiating. Interertown, Wis.

On Tuesday, May 28, 1935, , son of Isaac Vail Brokaw and ould Brokaw and beloved husFrances Seymour Brokaw. Fuvate at Mount Pleasant Cemetery Newark, N. J., May 31, 1935, at

—The Huguenot Society of Amerounces with regret the death on of their late member, George T.

M. JAY SCHIEFFELIN, President. GARET A. JACKSON, Secretary.

—Requiem Mass will be celebrated Gregory's Church, St. John's Place Brooklyn Av., Saturday, June 1, at M., for the repose of the soul of Rose Cahill, who died May 25.

AHAN—Cornelius, beloved husband of a Grace Callahan. Services at Bap- Home, Spuyten Duyvil Parkway near ch St., on Saturday at 2:30 o'clock erment Oakland Cemetery, Yonkers.

PENTIER—Emmett C., on May 35, beloved husband of Eleanor (nenz), loving father of Eleanor. Servi Raymond B. Dunnigan's Chapel, Bstown Building, 188th St. and Websv., Thursday, May 30, at 8 P. M. neral Friday at 2 P. M. Interment Fe cliff Crematory. Kindly omit flowers.

ARSON—Jean Maclay, widow of the William Moore Carson and daughter the late John S. Williams and Maclay Pentz, at her residence, Park Av., in her eighty-first year. neral service at St. Thomas Church Av. at 53d St., on Friday, May 3 10 A. M. Interment private.

CLARKE—On May 29, 1935, at his dence, 176 Seely St., Thomas A. beloved husband of Leonora V. (nee Desmond), father of Desm Clarke, Mrs. Frank C. Colgan, Geraldine W. Clarke and Leon Clarke. Funeral on Saturday, Jun 10:30 A. M.; thence to Roman Church Immaculate Heart of Mary Solemn Requiem Mass will be c at 11 A. M. Interment Holy Cross omit flowers.

CLIFFORD—Helen W., devoted William, Henry, Ralph and Jose gurber and Mrs. Lawrence Clu of Sidney and Emily Siegman. services at the West End Funer 200 West 91st St., Saturday, Ju A. M. Interment in Lutheran

CUNO—Zillie, widow of the la beloved mother of Benno. day, 10:30, from late residenc ingside Av.

de FIGANIERE—Suddenly, a Va., Major Frederick de Figa vices at St. Bartholomew's C ic St. and Bedford Av., Saturday, June 1, at 10:30 may call at the parlors o Edwards, 86 6th Av., Bro day. Kindly omit flowers

DENZER—Maurice, beloved stance Mayer, brother of Theresa Masback, Millie Heller and the late Bess Service Friday, 10:45 A Riverside Memorial Chap Amsterdam Av. Interment

DERICKSON—Jessie Irene. suddenly, on











Read this one girl's true experiences before

MODERN SCREEN is proud to present this unique series of articles written by a Hollywood extra girl who, since she is still working in pictures, must not reveal her name. So many extra girl stories come from embittered, disgruntled girls who haven't seen Hollywood for years. But this young lady will give you the true picture of Hollywood today, discuss the chances of an unknown's getting into the movies, and give you intimate "set" gossip of the stars. As her story progresses you will realize how important it is to her career that her confessions remain anonymous—now, begin her story. . . .

WHEN I first came to Hollywood, about five years ago, I was given a lot of different kinds of advice. Although I had done a little work in a summer stock company not far from home and, therefore, felt that I would be just what Hollywood wanted for the talkies (for the talkies were not old then), my father believed that Hollywood and all of show business was sinful and wicked. He had not minded the stock work because the director of that was very nice and had been to our house for dinner, but, when I said that I was going to Hollywood to go into the movies, he hit the ceiling!

I don't know where he got his information but he told me things about Hollywood that made me blush. But I was blushing more easily then than I am now, for I was only eighteen. Although I did not have sense enough to ask Dad where he got his information, I did not believe him. I believed what I had read in the movie magazines—namely that Hollywood was just like any other town and a girl could be good or bad, because men were not any more "on the make" in Hollywood than in Podunk.

So, imagine my embarrassment or amazement or something when, a week after I arrived in Hollywood, I had a proposition. And the man was a director, too!

He worked for a cheap little independent company. I know now that they are called "quickies" but I did not know that then. Then, every company was alike to me. They all made movies and I wanted to be in the movies. The only difference, I thought, between this company and Metro or Paramount was that I had been out to Metro and Paramount and couldn't see anybody, whereas, at this little company I was able to see the director.

Well, we sat in this cheap office on one of the studio lots that rent space to the quickie companies. The director had on a tweed suit that was baggy at the knees and his fingernails were not clean, but he was not, actually, a bad looking man.

THERE WASN'T anything in the office but a desk, two chairs, some files, a couch and the director. When I went in he stood up and shook hands with me. I thought that was wonderful because at Paramount and Metro nobody had stood up because I never could get to see anyone.

He said, "How-do-you-do, Miss Andrews" (that's the name that I'm going to call myself), "sit down."

I sat on one of the chairs. He smiled and said, "Now tell me all about yourself."

I said, "Well, I have had some stage experience and I know that I can act." And then I told him about the summer stock

CONFESSIONS of an extra girl

Part One

MAMOUTH PRESENTS

you acquire delusions of a Hollywood career!

company and the parts I had played in the various plays. He smiled and nodded and I thought that meant he was pleased and would make me a star right away. He looked over some papers on his desk and said, "Yes, I think I have a little part for you—not a big role, understand, you couldn't expect to jump into a big part right away. Yes, I'm *almost* sure there's a role in my picture that you could play."

My heart began to pound. Here I was just a week in Hollywood and I was going to get a part, and people had told me that girls had been in Hollywood for six months without so much as seeing the inside of a studio.

And then I did a very foolish thing. I jumped up from my chair and ran around to the director sitting behind the desk. I grabbed both his hands and said, "Thank you. Oh, thank you!"

He stood up, still holding both my hands, looked right into my eyes and said, "You're an impetuous little thing, aren't you?" And I said, "Yes," because I thought it would make him think that I was fiery and could act.

"This is a big acting part," he said, "the woman is supposed to be very experienced. What do you know about life?" And then, because I was so afraid that I wasn't going to get the part, I behaved foolishly again. I didn't really know anything about life but I was afraid to say so, so I answered, "Well, I'm young in years but old in experience."

"Oh, are you?" he asked. "Let's see." He was laughing so much that I thought this was all just friendly until he suddenly grabbed me and kissed me. I was so amazed that I just stood there and didn't know what to do. Then he let me go. "No, not so old in experience," he said, "but we can fix that up. You see, my dear, you can't act until you've lived and an innocent girl like you shouldn't be running around loose in Hollywood. I can make a great actress of you if you'll put yourself completely in my hands and do everything I say. How about having dinner with me tonight? I'll read the script to you."

BUT BY this time I was crying and I realized that I wasn't going to get the part and that this was the Hollywood Dad had told me about. I ran out of that office as fast as I could, with my hat over one eye. And I was so disappointed I thought I should die.

Now that was five years ago. The man was a little quickie director. And that is the first and last time in Hollywood that a director of any sort has ever behaved that way. So I guess Hollywood is like any other town after all, because girls get propositions even in Podunk.

I've told about this first because I thought it was so strange that this should happen to me my first week in Hollywood and then not happen again. But now I'll go back and tell about my starting to Hollywood, although I don't know whether that is interesting or not. But here goes.

I had read that a girl shouldn't go to Hollywood without enough money to live on for six months. My Dad, as I've told you, didn't approve. But my Mother, who had always wanted to be an actress, gave me my railroad fare and five hundred dollars. And with my stock experience, I thought there was nothing else I needed.

I had read of the Studio Club but I didn't want to live there because, strange as it seems in a girl who likes acting, I liked to cook, too, so I wanted a little apartment with a kitchen.

My train arrived in the morning and I had sense enough not to take a taxi to Hollywood because I knew how far away (*Continued on page 87*)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER





Above left, Norman Scott Barnes and his doting parents. Right, Joan Blondell, a star who is proud of her motherhood.

"I want to talk about my baby!"

Says Joan Blondell, smashing Hollywood's pet taboo

By Kay Osborn

IT just never occurred to me to seek out Joan on the subject of her baby—for publication, that is. It's sort of understood out here that women stars with babies don't like to talk about them to the press. A lot of other writers weren't asking about the baby either, because they, too, considered the subject taboo.

I ran into Joan one day and asked her about the baby, carefully explaining that my interest was personal, not professional. I told her I knew she didn't want to have a story written about him. So you can imagine my surprise when Joan protested, "Who says I don't!" and her blue eyes flashed. "As a matter of fact, I've been quite hurt that nobody has come to me, wanting an interview about me and my baby. What is this, anyway? Doesn't anyone want to hear about him? Of course I'll talk about my baby! *He's the most important thing that's ever happened to me, or ever will happen!*

"This business of a baby spoiling the fans' interest in a female star is all the bunk. Audiences today are more intelligent than they used to be. They like to see an actress give a good performance, more than anything else. And a baby helps a woman to become a better actress. My baby is helping me. He takes me out of myself. Makes me understand many more emotions than I have ever felt before. Why shouldn't I talk about him?"

Well! We plopped into the nearest chairs, and, believe it or not, I never got another word in edgewise.

It seems that Joan's baby is the cutest, the cleverest, the prettiest and the healthiest baby that ever shook a rattle. Oh yes, I know you've heard that story before. But this time it's so, says Joan.

"Do you know that right this minute, and at this minute he is exactly five months, three days, and five hours old, he is every bit as big as a year-old baby? Why, he never could wear any of the lovely things which were given to me at my shower. I've had to give all his presents away. The doctor comes in to look at him on his weekly visits, and laughs. Just laughs! And Normie laughs right (*Continued on page 73*)



Bill wanted to forget Hollywood and its ceaseless grind; he had enough wealth so he ran away—and ran right back again!



Bill found there was workman's compensation—like playing with Jean Harlow in "Reckless," for instance!

No Success as a Playboy

By Martha Kerr

WHEN THE alarm clock rings at seven-thirty and you know you can't roll over for that extra snooze or you'll be late for the office, how many times have you said, "Oh gosh! Wouldn't it be swell to have all the money you need so you'd never have to work again?"

And when work is particularly arduous and confining do you ever think longingly of the Riviera and Paris or the South Sea Islands or Shanghai? You wouldn't be human if you didn't.

This story is for all you who have strained at the yoke of a job. It is the story of a man who had worked hard all his life, had made enough money to quit—and didn't. And it's as exciting a little journey into human psychology as any I've run across in Hollywood.

A good many years ago I was assigned the task of getting together, for a magazine, a group of photographs of the stars in the roles they had always longed to play. One girl was mad to play Portia and had her picture taken in the classic Shakespearian costume of the first lady lawyer of fiction. Another girl had a secret yearning to do Peter Pan—and got pretty cute all over the place in a leather doublet. One of the men thought it would be wonderful to be Hamlet and struck the well-known attitude.

When Bill Powell's photograph came in I thought he had got the idea all wrong. There was Bill, attired in a natty modern lounging robe, lolling back in an easy chair with a highball on a nearby table. This looked very unfamiliar. And then I read the accompanying note: "Role I most want to play. Wealthy, retired motion picture star, living on the Riviera." Signed Bill.

I thought it was a funny gag—and that was that. Several years later I happened to mention it to Bill and I asked him if that were still his ambition.

He shook his head. "I tried it," he said. "It didn't work."

And then he told me the story which is for all of us who long to kick our jobs in the face.

Bill had worked hard for stardom. And, after he became a star, he discovered that fame was pretty empty and that all it got you was a lot of worry and grief. He had enough money to last any man a lifetime. Hollywood made his nerves jingle.

He told his friends that he was going on a trip to Europe. Actually, it was his plan to retire from the screen and come back to the United States only for a visit. Fortunately, he did not make such an announcement. But in his heart he knew that he was through—through with work forever, through with pictures. Hadn't he earned the right to enjoy a little leisure? Wasn't it about time that he lived life instead of playing it before a camera?

HE WENT straight to the Riviera—that glamorous vacation spot where the wealthiest and most spectacular of Europeans gather to loll in their gay cabañas, go to bed with the dawn, wear smart clothes, dance and gamble.

Bill thought it was the most entrancing place he had ever seen. Nobody to call him to the set at nine A. M. Nobody to give him scripts to read. No wardrobe and no make-up tests. No endless waits if the film in the camera buckled. No grinding work under the glaring lights. Nothing but clean white beach, lovely sunshine, amusing people, gayety. (*Continued on page 72*)

Bill Powell tried to retire—but it didn't take!







Above, three of the best looking figures in Hollywood—Bennett's, Crawford's and Harlow's. And right, the tiny lady who can make your figure look thataway, too—Madame Sylvia.



We wish to make an *Announcement*

Dear Readers: Please be advised that, commencing with our next issue, Madame Sylvia of Hollywood joins our ranks. Read details below and get your pictures ready!

Her name is as well known as that of President Roosevelt, Mickey Mouse and Garbo. Sylvia of Hollywood has brought more beauty to a beauty-starved world than all the jars of cold cream on the cosmetic counters. She is going to write a series of articles for MODERN SCREEN. The first one will appear in the September issue—so don't complain that you weren't told.

Now, here's what Sylvia wants you to do. She wants to be of real assistance to you. She wants to take, with each article of her series, one general type of face and figure—point out its defects, its need for improvement and tell you just exactly how such improvement can be achieved.

For example: How many of you are—in a general way—the Jean Harlow type? Does your mirror or do your friends tell you that you "look sort of like Harlow"? Blonde, curved, voluptuous. Would you like more perfectly to achieve the svelte and lovely Harlow lines and fight off the plumpness which that old meanie, Nature, delights in wishing upon this particular type of beauty? Sylvia will tell you how to do it. She did it for Harlow and she will do it for you.

Here is what you must do: Send your photograph to Sylvia in care of this magazine. A full length photograph please, in a bathing suit or a close-fitting dress. A snapshot will do. Send it as soon as possible. In her second article, Madame Sylvia will choose the girl who looks most like Jean Harlow. She will also pick, from the photographs sent in, several other near-Harlow types, criticize the bad points and tell just how they can be improved. Mind, you need not look like Jean's twin sister in order to benefit by this. We are speaking of a general likeness of face and figure.

So—Harlow-girls, send your pictures to Sylvia. And next month we'll tell you the second type Sylvia will overhaul. Believe us, if you listen to Sylvia and do what she tells you, you won't be sorry. We *know*. There is a large safety-pin taking in the slack of the skirt we're wearing. We're very proud of that safety-pin, because it indicates a reduction in poundage—all thanks to Sylvia! You can be equally as proud if you follow her advice.

Loretta goes on a clothes spree

Loretta Young had been running about the Paramount lot in the medieval trappings of "The Crusades" for so long that when she had a day off she went on a shopping binge! Above, left, is a charming silk ensemble—a black crêpe dress with unusual hemline is topped by a gay floral patterned, three-quarter length coat. The popular cape theme is stressed in a blue and white polka dotted silk ensemble. Red and white dotted silk is used for the flowers and belt. There's a deep veil on her straw sailor hat. Radishes make a perfect trimming for a lady gardener's costume! Bunches of them trim Loretta's wide-brimmed hat and her pale pink linen cape frock. Note big front pocket for gardening gadgets.


Loretta Young



doffs "Crusades" costumes for smart modern garb

Since evening is the time when Loretta really has a chance to relax during work, she went in heavily for stunning formal costumes on her recent shopping trip. At the extreme left, top and bottom, you see two charming ones. A great-skirted lilac taffeta gown with violet corsage at the waist and over it a blue taffeta wrap with corded detail. If you will look across the page you will see this same gown without the wrap. Isn't it charming? Especially the sweep to the skirt and the flesh-colored revers. Back to the left again, and below, Loretta wears a black and white printed satin gown with an interesting décolletage that is outlined with a flaring ruffle of the fabric. Again the wide skirt is emphasized—this is one of her pet evening details, and since she is tall, she can carry the extra width off with perfection. Ombré-toned fringe is a striking trimming for a simple eggshell white dinner gown. The fringe forms a capelet, and makes a hemline of unusual gracefulness. And last, looking forward to fall, Loretta selects a two-piece dinner gown of double-faced satin. The crêpe side is used for the blouse, the satin side for the skirt. Huge pink flowers at her waist.

Clothes from Nina Foley's Shop, Los Angeles

Paul Lukas answers a question you all ask at some time

Can a man be true to one Woman?

By Gladys Hall

"CAN a man be true to one woman all his life?" I asked Paul Lukas.

And Paul, smiling a quizzical, raised-eyebrow, faintly amused smile said, "I should not talk on this subject, really. Because I am what is known as a sad dog . . . happy as I am in my marriage I still flirt a little, here, there, not seriously, but a little . . . perhaps only to prove to myself that I still can flirt.

"If I answer your question I shall have to tell some very personal, very private tales on myself. Well, why not?"

It did seem slightly preposterous to ask Paul Lukas, of all men, whether he thinks there can be such a thing as one woman in a man's life—one fidelity outlasting the years.

For Paul is the type of man who kisses your hand, looks into your eyes and you see, in your mind's eye, the white hands of hundreds of women, the responsive eyes of hundreds more. This suave sophisticate from Budapest is the type of man who makes a woman feel that it is magic and subtle and deliciously dangerous just to be a woman.

"One love in a lifetime?" Paul repeated after me. "All right, I will tell you how it is with me. I should not, perhaps, be taken too seriously because I am . . . well, women are irresistible to me. I am like that. No, a man does not love only once in a lifetime and he should not. Especially the actor should not. Because the strength of the actor is in his imagination and that imagination should be fed by more than one experience.

"I repeat that a man does not love once in a lifetime. I do not say that such a love is impossible. But to make such a love possible the woman must possess two qualities. Some call them the 'good and bad angel' in woman, and there must be both. I call them 'rolling gold' and the 'sense of home.'

"Now I shall have to tell these private tales on myself to make you see what I mean. In the first place, I learned very early in life to realize the enduringness of love. For I was in love while I was still at home in Budapest. It happened to me, this terrible love, while I was on the legitimate stage playing at the Comedy Theatre in Budapest, in Ferenc Molnar's 'Liliom.' She was a woman not of my class. She had worked havoc with other men, I knew. She was, from the very beginning, unfaithful to me and I knew it. But I loved her with such a desperation, such a hunger, such a blind hopelessness of passion that I shall never forget. For three and one half years this savage, sinister thing possessed me. I couldn't help myself. One ugly thing after another she did to me. And then, one morning, I awoke and it was gone. Gone as though a poison had been drawn from my blood. The woman had become a stranger to me, a stranger for whom I felt nothing but repulsion. I now believe that because she did so many ugly things to me she herself became ugly in my eyes.

"But she did teach me," he said slowly, in that rich accented voice of his, "one thing which helps me to answer your question. She taught me that if a woman is 'rolling gold' she may hold a man for most of his life. This woman was 'rolling gold' and if she had had that one other quality I might never have escaped her.

"Now I will explain to you what I mean by the term 'rolling gold.' Shortly before I left Berlin, where I had worked under the direction of Max Reinhardt as guest artist in the theatres of Vienna and Berlin, a slight misadventure befell me. I had carried, in the pocket of my overcoat for many months, a gold-piece. I had

(*Continued on page 84*)





Right, Paul Lukas and next to him his wife, Daisy, with Claudette Colbert, her best friend. Paul is appearing in "The Age of Indiscretion."

Three score years and ten

By Faith Service

WHAT do you really know about that superb actor, C. Aubrey Smith?

You know that in almost every good picture you see. "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "The Crusades," "China Seas," dozens of them, there is a tall, virile, kindly Britisher who looks as though Galsworthy might have written him into "The Forsyte Saga" (he could be old Jolyon to the life). You know that you are always glad to see him, that he adds richness and authenticity of character to every part he plays and that you carry away with you, invariably, a warm and grateful memory of him.

But isn't that about all you know of C. Aubrey?

Did you realize that he is seventy-two years old and that almost fifty of those years have been spent on the stage and that these three score years and ten constitute a stage in themselves—a stage upon which have walked the greatest beauties, the most famous men and women of his colorful generation? Ellen Terry and Lily Langtry, our own Maude Adams, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Charles Frohman, Sir James Barrie, George Bernard Shaw, and Victoria, Queen of England. No wonder he says, politely, that the theatre is not what it used to be, nor great artists what they were in the days when Ellen Terry rehearsed some six and eight weeks before she spoke a line before an audience.

Did you know that he has been married, and to the same wife, for over forty years and that he has a married daughter and that before the summer wanes there will be a first grandchild.

It is going to be hard to get three-quarters of a century of rich and robust living into the confines of one short story, but I'll do my best. For it's a long, long way C. Aubrey Smith has come from his father's surgery in London to the studios of Hollywood. A long way and a good way and as he enters his three score years and ten he says, "The most and the best of life is to love what you are doing, and to be kind."

SOME SEVENTY odd years ago, a small boy was born in London to a proud young doctor and his wife. He was christened C. Aubrey Smith. Then two sisters come to the Smith home and they grew up in the Victorian Era when the widowed Queen ruled the realm with a child-sized hand and influenced her time and time to come with Victorian virtue. An age when all things gaudy and theatrical and gay were frowned upon by the little prim lady in Balmoral Castle and so by her subjects.

C. Aubrey Smith remembers the funeral of Victoria—sees in his memory that tiny coffin, flag-draped on the gun-carriage, while all of England mourned and the whole world was at half-mast. He (*Continued on page 78*)

C. Aubrey Smith looks back on a full and dramatic life

C. Aubrey Smith today at seventy lives a busy, fruitful life. His next picture role will be in "China Seas."



Beautiful Lily Langtry is one of the many famous women C. Aubrey recalls.



And prim little Queen Victoria set the tempo of his early years.



Women can be loyal

By Ruth Biery

The appealing story of Ann Dvorak's stand-in whom she is grooming for stardom

ANN DVORAK was walking down the dirt road leading from her home in the country. Thinking of nothing in particular except the clean sky overhead and the soft air around her. It was good to be alive. It was marvelous to know fate had done so many kind things for her.

A sound. Ann could not place it. What made it? She looked around her. A young girl was running the lawn-mower over stubby ends of grass not far from her. Ann noticed the grass was stubby, wild, unwieldy. Why was this child trying to mow it?

Ann looked more closely and drew a sharp breath. Here was beauty! The dirty slacks, the mussy hair, the roughly tanned hands and arms, the huge blue eyes and the length of black eyelashes for which most women, whom Ann Dvorak knew, paid big sums in beauty parlors. And suddenly Ann wanted to know her. How could she make her acquaintance? She looked around hurriedly. "Eggs for sale!" She smiled. She had her own eggs; she raised her own chickens. But the cook could make an angel food cake—

That was the first trip. Ann made several. She took her husband, Leslie Fenton, with her. Always to buy eggs. Ann and Leslie grew weary of angel food cakes in the two weeks which followed.

But it was when she was alone that Ann, suddenly, asked the girl, "And what do you mean to do with your life? Are you planning to spend all your days out here mowing wild grass that should never be cut, talking to white leghorns which can't understand you?"

THE GIRL shrugged. "I don't know. What can I do? What is there for me to do? I graduated from the Van Nuys High School. I tried teacher's college. I always wanted to be a writer. I took a little journalism at the University of Southern California but I couldn't keep it up. There wasn't enough money. What is there?"

"But you are beautiful!" Ann spoke impulsively.

The girl shrugged. "Am I? What has that got to do with it?"

"But you just can't stay here and do *nothing!*" Ann was insistent. (*Continued on page 81*)



Top, Ann Dvorak, once a stand-in herself, gives another girl a chance. Next, Ann and Helene McAdoo, the lucky girl, at the Fenton ranch. And right, Ann and her husband, Leslie Fenton.

A great actress puts on a great act

By Katherine Albert



THEY SAY that she's shy (she says so, too). So shy that she trembles with fear before she steps on the stage to give a performance, so shy that she's afraid to see her own films after they're completed, so shy that the very sound of an interviewer's voice (and her own voice answering) is enough to depress her for days.

That's Elisabeth Bergner. That's the girl who is hailed as the greatest actress since Bernhardt, the girl whose stage gaucheries have knocked New York for a loop, whose picture, "Catherine, the Great," made in Europe, thrilled you and whose future productions you will see as they come across from abroad (for she will not make films in Hollywood). The Viennese glamor girl. The acting queen.

So shy. Useless to try for a personal interview. Useless to meet her in her dressing-room or at her hotel, draw up a couple of chairs, smoke a couple of friendly cigarettes and chat together like two human beings.

Instead Miss Bergner is persuaded by Joe Schenck, through whose company her pictures are released, to "meet the press"—a gesture which went out with Pickford curls and "Shakespeare is my favorite writer, my dear." So the girl who is too shy to be interviewed, to have a cosy tête-à-tête, "meets the press"—a couple of hundred of them—at a cocktail party in a regal apartment at the Ambassador.

Let us see just how this shy flower behaves when "meeting the press."

IN THE FIRST PLACE the apartment looks like a movie set. It is all done in cathedral-like grandeur and would remind one of a cathedral were it not for the fact that at the end of one enormous room there is an elaborate bar and standing before it is Elisabeth Bergner.

Her hair is straight and blonde, parted on the side and sweeping across her head, leaving the brow exposed. She wears a dark blue skirt, a loose printed blouse and a dark blue tie. There are but three or four people in the room when I arrive. The bartenders are the only ones who seem in the least busy. They have nice honest jobs. They don't deal in emotion, except in a very roundabout fashion.

Schenck, to relieve the tension, offers La Bergner a large dish of steaming spaghetti. "What iss diss?" she asks.

Schenck tells her.

"No, no, t'ank you."

He offers her some chicken à la king.

"And diss—what iss diss?"

He explains.

"No, no t'ank you."

We are standing. Schenck suggests we sit and, in *(Continued on page 88)*

Meet La Bergner, of "Escape Me Never"



My husband is my Best friend

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

THE really successful people in this world are those who waste neither time nor energy grousing over the conditions which exist in their lives but, instead, get busy and shape them into a happy pattern.

Which brings me to Irene Dunne. For Irene has taken her marriage, which circumstances projected into a pretty difficult pattern, and made something darn swell out of it. A husband and wife separated most of the time by three thousand miles might be expected to grow apart. But, after four years of this state of affairs, Irene Dunne and Doctor Francis D. Griffin are as close and as good friends as any two people you know. And far closer and much better friends than entirely too many married people you know.

The first evening Irene and Frank Griffin were in New York this last time, after their trip from California by boat, he took her to the theatre.

"Let's run over and see 'Personal Appearance'," he suggested at about eight o'clock when the last of the friends who had dropped in to see them had left. "Not dress? Okeh. I'll call down and have them reserve seats." And he was on the telephone.

"Personal Appearance," one of Broadway's most successful comedies is, you know, the story of a movie star, a flamboyantly temperamental upstart who mushrooms to fame. There are many who feel there has been no star, like the lady Gladys George portrays in this play, since the talkies. Claiming, therefore, that the play is dated. Be that as it may, it remains good fun and no one laughs harder than the movie stars who go to see it.

The Griffins sat well down in front. But because they hadn't dressed and because they had come in quietly no one recognized them. They were as alone in that theatre as any other couple who moved closer and reached for each others' hands when the lights went down.

EVERY TIME there was a little jibe at the expense of the movie star, Frank Griffin would turn to Irene and she would feel his eyes bright with laughter.

"Must I do everything myself?" the movie star in that





Above left, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, in New York. Their first long trip together in four years. Irene says news pictures don't do Frank justice. Above, Irene in her great success, "Roberta." She will make "The Magnificent Obsession" and "Show Boat" on a loan to Universal.

Above, Irene and Randy Scott, her leading man in "Roberta." Irene deftly handles her life so that a brilliant career and a happy marriage dovetail despite enforced separations during work.

Often, Irene Dunne feels, we dwell too much on love and forget that husbands and wives can also be friends

play asks in an harassed moment while at least six people wait on her, hand and foot.

Irene felt a nudge in her side. And she remembered times, when her secretary had neglected to send a check for the telephone bill or her gardener had failed to tie up the chrysanthemums against the tugging wind, and when she had said something very similar.

She pretended, however, that she didn't know what that nudge meant. She continued to sit there very seriously for a second or two. Then, as usual, unable to resist his salty laughter, she began laughing, too. And when she couldn't find her handkerchief he had to give her one of the huge affairs she has made especially for him, since those sold in the shops rarely come large enough to please him.

As the final curtain fell they hurried out into a taxi and back to their hotel. Then, while Irene went in to change into something comfortable, Frank Griffin lit the electric grate fire. For the sake of cheer.

"You wouldn't have any good Irish reason for taking me to that particular play on our first night in New York?" Irene challenged him over their cheese sandwiches and beer.

HE SHOOK his head soberly. "Certainly not!" He was as innocent as Irishers can be when they've been up to tricks.

"That's what I thought," Irene said sweetly. It was a game two could play. "That's exactly what I thought!"

I lunched with her on one of her crowded days in New York. Her suite had the atmosphere it always has. New books were about. Music stood open on the piano which is moved into any suite she occupies, simultaneously with her trunks. Red tulips and purple lilacs were lovely against the pale green walls. And the jonquils which filled a silver bowl were no brighter yellow than the sweater Irene wore with a black tailored skirt.

She shuffled a batch of photographs which had arrived, photographs taken of her and Frank Griffin during their voyage from California—on (*Continued on page 86*)





Three-Cornered Romance

Joan Crawford, beautifully gowned in pleated gold brocade, is out to bewitch these two charming gentlemen, Bob Montgomery and Franchot Tone, with particular attention to the former. It all takes place in that delightful comedy-drama which was such a success on Broadway, "No More Ladies." Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Denny and Gail Patrick also take part in the merry goings-on.



Gable Flipped a Coin

Five times, that big little word "if" changed Clark's destiny

By Katherine Albert

SOME philosophers believe that there is a destiny which guides us, a fate which overtakes us and that despite anything we do our lives are mapped out for us.

Others contend that chance is the true goddess and that your life and mine is a succession of "ifs." "If I had not made a mistake and taken the road to the right, my car would have been hit by a truck." "If I had not come down with influenza I would have taken the plane which crashed." If, if, if. And certain things which seem to be hard luck at the time happen to turn out to be the best luck one can have.

As proof of all this let's turn the spotlight on the astonishing life and career of Clark Gable and see how great a part chance has played. The "ifs" in his work loom larger than an executive's power. And what strange "ifs" they all are.

Number one: If he had not been almost penniless and terribly lonely in a little Ohio town he would not have become an actor!

Having no money and no friends seems to be the worst fate that can befall a person. Yet that was what opened up the way to the exciting road Clark was to travel.

He was working in a rubber factory by day and attending medical school at night. He was set upon becoming a doctor. And then a tawdry, down-at-the-heel stock company camped in a tent on the outskirts of the town. If Clark had had the money for more lively entertainment he would never have gone to that show on a Sunday night, the only evening he had free from medical school. And if he had not been so bitterly lonely and depressed, he would certainly have seen no glamor in that miserable tent show.

BUT BECAUSE of all these things he saw in that tent the release from his hum-drum existence. His life, at that time, was completely devoid of glamor, and the company represented freedom and a full emotional life. He came to know the actors and when the pitiful little troupe left town Clark left with them, as a sort of handy man who occasionally was allowed the delightful experience of playing "super" and sometimes bits and small parts.

Number two: If a man had not become ill Clark might have been the stock company handy man all his life.

In bits and small roles and sometimes a second lead, Clark saw no chance for advancement. The stock company leading man was a great favorite wherever the company played. And then the man became ill. With great misgiving, the manager handed Clark the leading role. He was tremendously successful. And even after the erstwhile star recovered Clark continued in the top spot.

Number three: If he had not ripped his coat on a nail, he might this very minute be a second-rate vaudevillian.

He had been out of work for some time and needed money badly when an offer was made to him to play opposite Dorothy Davenport (Wallace Reid's wife) in a personal appearance vaudeville tour.

Much as he needed money Clark deliberated. He was trying hard to make a name for himself in the legitimate theatre and he knew that if he took this job it would only afford temporary financial relief and would not help him in the advancement of his career at all. He wanted to act on a real stage, not simply be a stooge in a vaudeville act. Broadway was his destination, he felt, not the little towns into which the circuit (*Continued on page 90*)



If Gable had not tossed a coin, he might never have been spied by Hollywood.



Loretta Young and Clark Gable in a romantic close-up from "Call of the Wild."

WIN A *Dress!*



Four smart star fashions free!

Read all the details below

1. Write a description, fifty words or less, of the model on these two pages you would like best to own—and tell why. The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.

2. Mail your letter to Adelia Bird, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. The contest closes on midnight of August 15, 1935. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.

4. State your size and preference, according to the description of the gowns given here.

5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.

6. The four best descriptions in the opinion of the judges will win, in each case, the costume best liked by the writer.

7. The decision of the judges (Miss Bird and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.

8. In case of duplicate entries of prize-winning merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

(Above, right) Joan Blondell models for you a trim and trig spectator sports costume in the very popular contrasting jacket and skirt theme. The jacket is heavy white linen, very broad of shoulder and very nipped-in of waist, with four big pearl buttons. The skirt is black linen with a thin white stripe. Both skirt and jacket can do double service with other skirts and jackets in your wardrobe, proving that this is a handy outfit as well as a smart one.

(Next page, on the left) If you are yearning for a very romantic frock, here it is. Blonde Glenda Farrell shows you this dinner dress of black net, banded with narrow inserts of black ciré satin ribbon. There is a swishy taffeta slip underneath and a demure rose at the waistline. The graceful and filmy double capelet is detachable. This sort of dress is always in good taste—dressy enough, but not too dressy, when your hostess says, "Just an informal party."

All you need is fifty words, an idea and a stamp

All Costumes by Studio Styles, Inc.

(Center) One can't go wrong on a good-looking print dress. Margaret Lindsay's dance frock is heavy printed silk crepe in shades of purple, fuschia and green in contrast to the dead white background. The panelled skirt is ankle length, with a slight dip in the back, while the blouse top has a draped elbow length sleeve treatment. Worn with a huge cartwheel hat and sandals to match, it would make a grand summer dinner-and-dance ensemble.

(Right) A dainty afternoon dress, worn by Margaret Lindsay. The model shown is in a misty pale blue chiffon, made on softly tailored lines. Navy blue binding on the sleeves and collar and down the front of the bodice provides a contrasting touch. Navy blue grosgrain ribbon is looped through two slashes in the collar and tied in a small bow. There is a stitched navy belt and deep tucks in the skirt—front and back —which are released at the knees.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? And furthermore, it is!

keeping cool

By Adelia Bird

YOU CAN look cool, even if you don't feel it! That is the best platform for your July to September dressing. And if you can't find clothes that create an illusion of cool detachment from the torrid atmosphere, it isn't the fault of the designers and fabric manufacturers this season. Crisp, sheer and airy are the summer textures—cool, practical and wearable are the results of clothes fashioned from them.

Hollywood-ites are especially expert at getting their wardrobes down to the coolest possible terms. As you know, California sun gets burning hot in the daytime, even though evening usually brings a refreshing breeze. Linens are prime daytime favorites, while chiffons, organdies and sheer cottons are evening pets.

Cool colors dominate the Hollywood scene. White, alone and in all sorts of combinations. Pinks, blues, greens and natural tones. Many of the light shades are contrasted with dark tones in the same color range such as pale blue with navy and pink with deep wine red. Such combinations give you a very fresh, cool look. It is amusing to notice that so many wintry colors are being used, too, and that combined with white or some pastel shade, they look as summery as the pure whites and pastels. For instance, a deep wood green is becoming very popular when accented with a light lime green or white. And Dubonnet red, a true wine tone, is another color that used to be relegated to the fall and winter color card but is showing up with fetching results as an exciting summer shade.

A number of your favorites have contributed their cool thoughts to our fashion tale this month—and they should give you inspiration for your clothes, accessories and even your hairdress!

Since nothing makes you forget a hot day quite so completely as dressing up and trotting off to dance in the cool of the evening, I have dedicated pages 48 to 49 to summer evening gowns. These are pet costumes of each star pictured and are suitable for either country club parties or city roof gardens. Let's look them over carefully.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S detachable starched piqué collar gives a sharp, crisp accent to her pale blue satin gown. Its creases and jutting points are definitely reminiscent of the headpieces of a certain French order of nuns. I wouldn't be surprised if it actually drew inspiration from such a source. And when you think how cool nuns manage to look in their dark robes, even on the hottest day, you can see why this idea has merit. Joan's train really is too exaggerated for a summer evening gown for all of you but that is one of the dramatic licenses a designer has to take for scenic effect. The vest, also of starched piqué, is accordion pleated and the clips are placed adroitly. Joan wears this gown in "No More Ladies."

Gertrude Michael chooses a sheer black gown for her California evenings. It is a dramatic one with its full tulle skirt and short capelet with little hood to pull up over her locks. These hooded capes are a

Refreshing fashion ideas for rising temperatures





Weather report—heat wave to continue! So as you read that in the paper, turn your eyes to the cooling pictures on these two pages. Extreme left, Joan Crawford's crisp starched piqué collar and vest topping a blue satin evening gown. Next, sheer black tulle for a gown and hooded capelet of Gertrude Michaels'. Dolores Del Rio's striped "sari" worn over a white gown gives her a new elusive personality—nice wrap for cool evenings. Frances Drake a cooling sight in sheer brown and white polka dotted net. Huge, colorful chiffon flowers at the bodice. And above, the incomparable Kate Hepburn in pale pink satin with cape of rose tulle. This is the stuff out of which Hollywood fashions its illusions of refreshing mid-summer coolness.







And for daytime freshness, here are some more grand thoughts. Left above, Maureen O'Sullivan's pale yellow linen with bright red accessory accents. Next, Pat Paterson in a satin, candy-striped chiffon negligee of soft blue. And Mona Barrie in a coarse blue and white peasant linen jacket costume. Right, Carole Lombard in navy blue and white dotted shorts with an amusing long white linen beach coat over it. And last, Kathleen Burke in a charming pink dotted Swiss garden frock, her arms full of dogwood.

grand innovation, don't you think? How many times we all have rummaged through our dressers to find some scarf or piece of material to wind around our heads, and usually, whatever came to hand, looked so makeshift that we discarded it outside the club house door. But these capes are decorative—and so-o flattering. All you need is a few yards of net, tulle or chiffon. Most of the stores are full of them, very moderately priced, too, for such a new stunt.

Dolores Del Rio never hesitates to adopt the most unusual ideas from each new season. Her sheath-like white gown with its striped "sari" is very new and stunning. These saris are an East Indian head scarf worn by native women. They impart a feminine and most un-modern air. Dolores is wearing one designed by Orry-Kelly that is a more fullsome version of the real native sari. Hers is to be used either as a cape wrap or in the sari manner as shown in the picture on page 48. The draping of the sari is half its charm—and I think it takes an exotic person like the Del Rio to carry it off with dash. You'll find saris in the shops made of all sorts of materials, many diaphanous as befits the season.

Kalloch has designed a sari costume for Grace Moore to wear in "Love Me Forever." He made the dress with drapery in the skirt to give it a slight East Indian flavor—this in black with a sari scarf in emerald green. And a very grand extra gesture is a rajah coat of gold tissue on organdy which Grace may wear over it. If this keeps up we will all look like maharajahs!



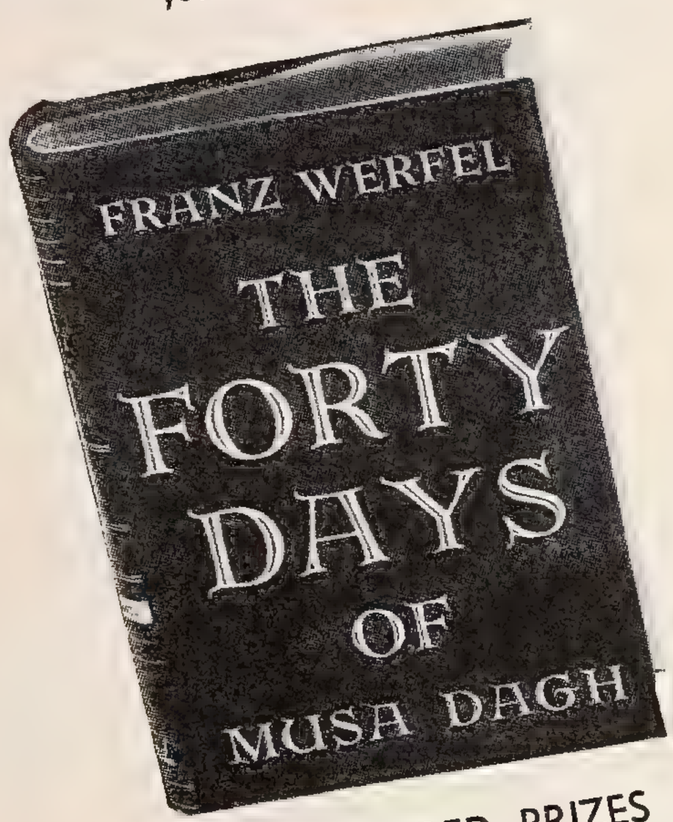


FOR a youthful and very wearable semi-formal frock, you can't beat Frances Drake's. Brown and white polka dotted net with an off-the-shoulder neckline and brief ruffled sleeves. The use of brown dots on white for the skirt bands and the reverse color scheme for the dress, is smart. The skirt fullness comes below the hips—and for actual dancing, the dress should be shorter than the length Frances is wearing.

Seven layers of rose tulle is the frosting Bernard Newman has put on a pale pink satin confection that Katharine Hepburn wears in "Break of Hearts." The tulle forms a cape which boasts an alluring collar of hand-made roses tied on with long satin streamers. It's sheer summer romance. And as a practical thought, (*Continued on page 70*)

$2500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

Here's all you have to do. Write a short letter answering this question: "What do you consider the greatest moment of this story?" Selection of one of the scenes pictured below will qualify. Whatever your selection, give your reasons why.



ONE HUNDRED PRIZES

FIRST	$1,000.00
SECOND	500.00
THIRD	200.00
SEVEN AT $50.00 EACH	350.00
NINETY AT $5.00 EACH	450.00
TOTAL—100 PRIZES	$2,500.00

100 PRIZES FOR THE 100 BEST LETTERS

MODERN SCREEN offers $2500.00 in prizes for the best 100 letters submitted during the months of June, July, August and September, 1935. This great contest gives everyone an opportunity to claim one of these magnificent prizes and also a chance to express an opinion on the greatest moment in the book of the century, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," which is being made into a tremendous picture of adventure and romance by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

If your letter is selected as one of the 100 prize winners, you are assured of at least $5.00 or possibly $1,000.00. Isn't this a simple way for you to earn some extra money? Think what you could do with one thousand dollars!

CONTEST RULES

Print your full name and address in upper left-hand corner of first page; the total number of words you have written in the upper right-hand corner. Prizes will be awarded for the letters which best describe the selection of the writer. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. Neatness will count.

Send your letter in any ordinary envelope you wish. Do not use special mountings or unusually decorative letters or envelopes as they in no way will influence the judging.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding letters submitted to this contest. All letters, upon receipt, will become the property of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE.

Do not send letters of more than 150 words. This applies only to the main text of the letter, excluding salutation and signature.

This contest is open to everyone except employees and former employees of the Dell Publishing Company, Inc., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, The Viking Press, Inc., and members of their families.

The contest ends at midnight, Eastern Standard Time, September 30, 1935.

Address your letters to The Modern Screen Forty Days of Musa Dagh Contest, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Gabriel offers to lead the peasants in defense of their lives and faith.



The peasants before leaving their village forever bury the Church bells in the graveyard.



An avalanche comes down the mountainside and forces Turkish invaders to flee.



A child leads Gabriel to a spot where he finds his wife in the arms of another man.



Gabriel's son at night drives a platoon of Turks away and captures their howitzers.



Gabriel's wife refuses freedom, stays with her husband on the mountain.



In Constantinople the Turkish war-lord refuses mercy to the Armenians.



Gabriel and a peasant girl fall in love, think they'll be killed, agree to die together.



Turkish forces lead a group of Armenian peasants into unwilling exile.



The Turks attack and are driven back in a fierce battle in which many lives are lost.

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
After Office Hours (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	3★
Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)	2★	2★	1★	1★	2★	1½★	2½★	3★	2★	1★			2★	2★
All the King's Horses (Paramount)	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		3★	2★	2★
Anne of Green Gables (RKO)	4★	4★	2★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Behind the Evidence (Columbia)	2★	1★	1★	2★	1★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★		2★	1★	2★
Behold My Wife (Paramount)	3★	1★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	3★	3★	2½★	2★
The Best Man Wins (Columbia)	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★		2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Big-Hearted Herbert (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★
Biography of a Bachelor Girl (M-G-M)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★		3★	3★	2★
Black Fury (Warners)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Bordertown (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★		4★	4★	3★
Break of Hearts (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Bride of Frankenstein (Universal)	1★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★
Bright Eyes (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Brewsters Millions (United Artists)	2★	2★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Cardinal Richelieu (United Artists)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★
Car 99 (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Carnival (Columbia)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	2★
The Case of the Curious Bride (First National)	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★
The Casino Murder Case (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		3★	3★			2½★	3★
Charlie Chan in Paris (Fox)	3★	2★	2★	3★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Clive of India (20th Century)	4★	4½★	4★	4★	4★	4½★	4½★	3½★	4★	4½★	4½★	4★	4½★	4★
College Rhythm (Paramount)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★		4★	3★
The County Chairman (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★
David Copperfield (M-G-M)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Devil Dogs of the Air (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★	3★	2½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★
The Devil Is a Woman (Paramount)	2★	3★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★	2★	1½★	2★	2★	3★	2★
Enchanted April (RKO)	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Enter Madame (Paramount)	3★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★			3★	2★
Escape Me Never (United Artists)	3★	3½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	4★			3★	3★
Evelyn Prentice (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Evensong (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2★	4★	3★	3★	2★		4★	4★	3★

Read famous critics' ratings of current pictures—5★, extraordinary; 4★,

Modern Screen
Regina Cannon

New York Daily News
Kate Cameron

New York American
Regina Crewe

New York Evening Journal
Rose Pelswick

New York Daily Mirror
Bland Johaneson

New York Herald Tribune
Richard Watts, Jr.



Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Evergreen (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Flirtation Walk (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Florentine Dagger (Warners)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2½★	2★	1★		2★	2★	2★
Folies Bergere (20th Century)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Forsaking All Others (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Four Hours to Kill (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
The Gay Divorcee (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
George White's Scandals (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★		2★	3★
G-Men (Warners)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Gigolette (RKO)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★	2★	1★		1★	1★	1★
The Gilded Lily (Paramount)	4★	3½★	3★	4★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Girl from 10th Avenue (Warners)	2★	3★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Goin' to Town (Paramount)	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	3★
Go Into Your Dance (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3½★	3½★	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★
Gold Diggers of 1935 (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3½★		3★	3★	3★
Grand Old Girl (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★
The Great Hotel Murder (Fox)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	1★			2★	2★
The Good Fairy (Universal)	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	3★	3★	4★	4★	3★
Great Expectations (Universal)	4★			4★				3★			3★		3★	3★
Here Is My Heart (Paramount)	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★
High School (Foy)	1★	1★	1★	1★		1★	1★	2★	2★	1★	2★		1★	1★
Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★			3★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
I'll Love You Always (Columbia)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	1★	2½★	1½★	1★	1★			2★	2★
Imitation of Life (Universal)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	4★	2★	3★		4★	3★
In a Monastery Garden (Julius Hagen)	1★	1★	1★	2★		1★	2★	2½★	1★				2★	1★
The Informer (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
In Old Santa Fe (Mascot)	2★			2½★		2½★		2★	2½★	2★			2½★	2★
The Iron Duke (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
I Sell Anything (First National)	3★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★		2★	2★
It Happened In New York (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★		2½★	3★
Laddie (RKO)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2★		3★	2★	3★
Les Miserables (20th Century)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★	5★

(*Continued on page 68*)

very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor; 0, no review or review unavailable

New York Post
Thornton Delehanty

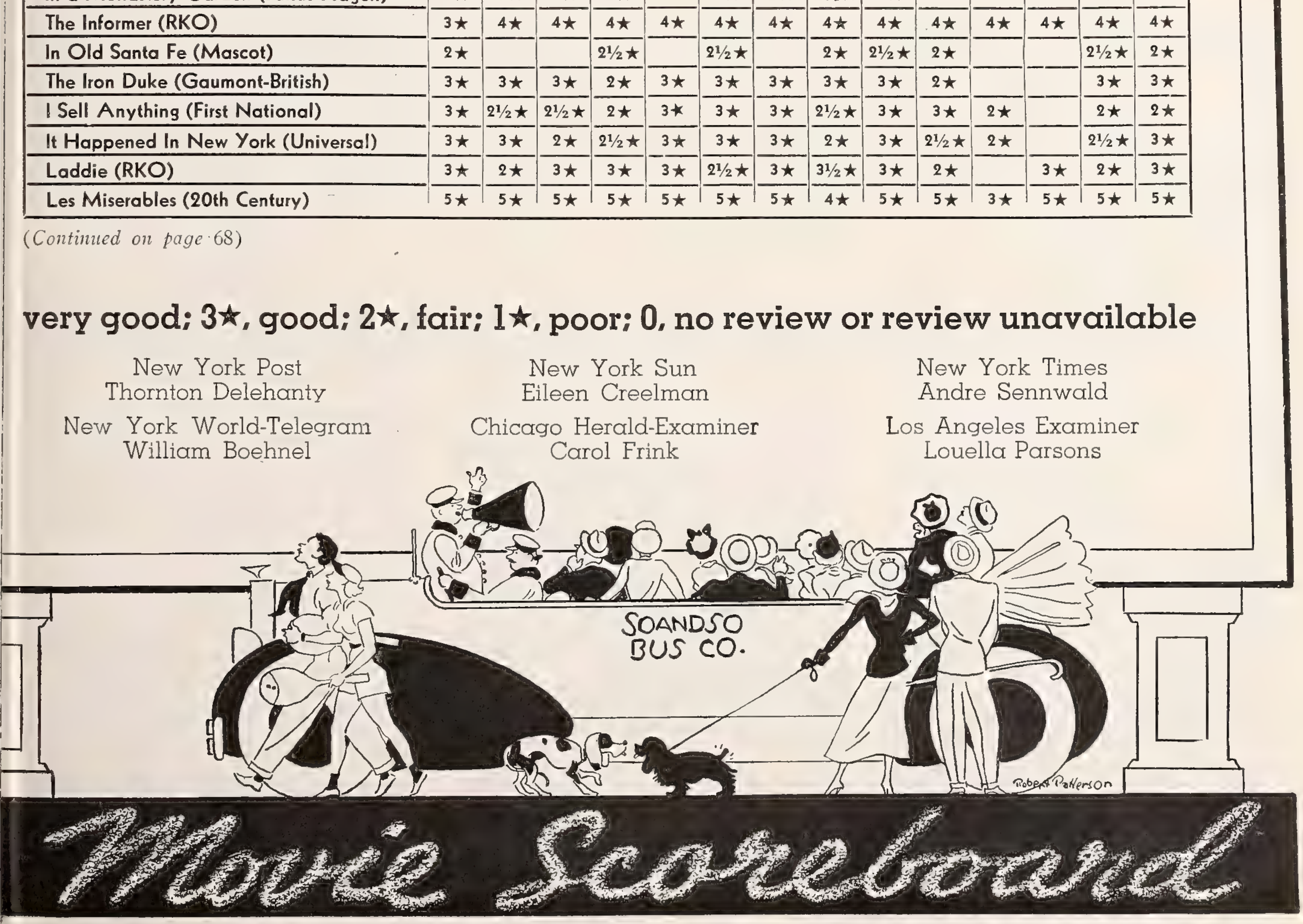
New York Sun
Eileen Creelman

New York Times
Andre Sennwald

New York World-Telegram
William Boehnel

Chicago Herald-Examiner
Carol Frink

Los Angeles Examiner
Louella Parsons



Movie Scoreboard

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page* 15)



Comedians' get-together! Jack Benny, lovely Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Gracie Allen and George Burns at the Beverly-Wilshire. Mr. Burns seems to be master of ceremonies.



Fay Wray returns to Hollywood after doing "Clairvoyant" for Gaumont-British in London.

On completing "Under the Pampas Moon," Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian gaily exchanged farewells and best wishes for luck in the next six months 'til they should meet again. Warner hopped a plane for Mexico City and the next a.m. Mlle. Ketti took wing to New York. Three days later they dolefully greeted one another on the set. Frantic wires had brought them both back for retakes on the picture. Just a sample of Hollywood's idea of vacations!

■ ■ ■

Hollywood's star host and hostess are Mr. and Mrs. John Boles. But they don't reserve their charming hospitality just for the Pickfords, Garbos and Swansons. The other evening they entertained five couples with an elaborate dinner-dance at the swanky Cocoanut Grove—the five girls were the "extras" with whom Mr. Boles dances in "Redheads on Parade" and the five men were their best boy-friends!

■ ■ ■

"Don't laugh at 'puppy love'," warns Constance Bennett, since her son Peter, aged six, became stricken with the charms of Miss Shirley Temple. After an afternoon spent playing with the Baby Blonde at Palm Springs, where the children's respective parents had them vacationing, Peter could not eat a mouthful of supper. When he looked disconsolately at his spinach, Connie wasn't much alarmed, but when Peter flatly refused ice cream, she began to view his heart trouble seriously!

■ ■ ■

'Tis said that Garbo's favorite director is Woody Van Dyke and perhaps a reason for this is that Woody "takes nothin' from nobody nohow." It just doesn't matter who you are, the director gives the orders when Mr. Van Dyke wields the megaphone. In the picture he made with the Great One, Mr. Van D. requested her to descend the stairs on the left side. Greta decided on the right, whereupon the camera was immediately moved to exclude her from the picture. Miss Garbo meekly moved left as she meekly remarked, "I guess I come down *his* way."

■ ■ ■

We've always been practically sea-sick while watching one of those pictures showing a giant ocean liner plunging through the wild waves of a stormy sea. But t'other day watching a similar scene being "shot" we were *really* sick — with disillusionment. What's more, we don't intend to suffer alone, so we've made up our mind (pahdon the egotism) to tell all. Happening on a puddle of water in Paramount's back yard, we stopped to look at a toy ship, about four feet long, floating around in it. 'Twas then we spied the cameras and learned the awful truth—they were photographing a storm at sea! Electric fans were kicking the water up into ripples, and two bored looking men were standing on either side of the puddle. In their hands was a rope which was attached to either end of the boat, and this they yanked on, every now and again, causing the craft to look as if it were really at the mercy of Father Neptune!

■ ■ ■

First of all, we hasten to assure you that this just happens once in a polka-dotted moon! But this really happened to Nan Gray, a sixteen-year-old Texan school girl. Nan was summer-vacationing in the Hollywoods, and having nothing better to do the day before she left for home, she accompanied a friend on a trip to the Brothers Warner studio. She'd just put one size three, triple A across the doormat, when she slipped on the other and fell ker-plunk into the arms of a W. B. director. He finally let her go, but not without a contract! You saw her in a swell starter role in "Mary Jane's Pa" and you'll see her from now on—and on. Or we're wrong again.

■ ■ ■

Glenda Farrell, having punched the Warner time-clock the other a.m., spied Joan Blondell ahead of her on the set. "Hi!" she called out, "How's the baby?"

"Swell!" came a deafening chorus—being composed of the lusty vocal chords of Pat O'Brien, Al Jolson, Guy Kibbee and Frank McHugh! By sneaking up on these people in days past, we used to be able to glean a few choice gossip tid-bits, but since they've become doting parents, all we get for our trouble is the latest scientific formula for strained spinach.

■ ■ ■

Miss Gloria Lloyd, sub-deb daughter of the Harold Lloyds, recently celebrated her eleventh birthday by entertaining a group of school friends for luncheon. For weeks this gala affair was the one and only topic of conversation about the Lloyd home—Gloria's first long dress was discussed at great length; long and heated arguments over whether she could wear "just a little smitch of lipstick" took place; hours were spent planning entertainment that wasn't "too childish." At last, still game, Mildred Lloyd brought up the question of the menu with her small daughter.

GOOD NEWS



Meet the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Doyle. She's Judith Allen of the films.



Henry Wilcoxon, still wearing the longish hair bob necessary for his work in "The Crusades," goes nightclubbing with Frances Drake.

"How about chicken and creamed potatoes, darling?" she asked. Gloria favored her with a long, cold stare, then replied loftily, "I should say *not!* We'll have turkey and mashed potatoes."

Mrs. Lloyd admitted that she couldn't see a great deal of difference, but then she's only a mother!

■ ■ ■

After gaining nigh onto twenty pounds while hibernating in the mountains for the "Call of the Wild," Jack Oakie had despaired of ever seeing his knees again. "Not that there aren't knees I'd rather see," Jack explained, "but one rather likes to feel that one has some of one's own." Whether one does or one doesn't, at least Jack lost a coupla dozen pounds when back in civilization again—and what's more heartening, he's lost that superfluous new vocabulary which he was airing with such pride.

■ ■ ■

As if California doesn't have beautiful enough gardens, and all the year 'round, too, to suit any picture! But no, Paramount's just built a mammoth indoor garden, covering two acres to use for a garden-party scene in "Accent on Youth." Huge oak trees, rambling vines, masses of shrubbery and blooming flowers have all been transplanted on the "set," while fountains and arbors have been specially constructed and landscaped. Sylvia Sidney's the star who is going to scintillate in these surroundings.

■ ■ ■

Fred Keating had just about made up his mind that Loretta Young was really cross-eyed after all. For days he'd been noticing on the set of "Shanghai" that every time Loretta talked to him, she seemed to be glancing over his left shoulder. He was beginning to almost weep at night thinking of the poor girl's handicap, when he discovered the cause of Loretta's wandering eye. Seems that the oldest "Young" sister, is more intent on getting a favorable angle on her neck than on her acting, hence she has convenient mirrors placed all over the set so's she can see the effect of the lighting on her lovely features. So far, we'll hafta admit, Loretta has shown a good eye for beauty!

■ ■ ■

Some Foxy business involved that studio deeper'n they'd figured on. Their publicity department conceived the brilliant idea of staging a hot'n'heavy love affair between the blondly beautiful Alice Faye and handsome Nelson Eddy. 'Course, this was to be strictly on paper, and that's where Eddy kept it—but not Alice. The studio finally had to announce that Mr. Eddy had outrageously insulted Miss Faye. Seemed the best way to get out of it all for all concerned.

■ ■ ■

"Everything Happens at Once" is the name and a brief resumé of what goes on in the latest W. C. Fields side-splitter. Mr. Fields spent the first day on the set tearing up the script; then noting a slightly peeved expression on the author's face, he sat down and wrote another complete version. But still the director looked a bit disgruntled, so W. C. took over the directing of the picture, too. No matter how you look at it, this is certainly a Fields, Inc. fillum. Mr. Fields believes in writing from personal experience, so you'll see a corker of a scene with Bill and his nose peering out of the bars in the town jug.

■ ■ ■

In the "Big Broadcast" you're gonna see Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti and Henry Wadsworth in an awful fix. Lyda's just cuh-razy about both of 'em, and simply can't decide on which one to marry. While rehearsing the other day, Jack said, "If I married you it'd be darn big o' me." "Yeh," responded Lyda, "but I'll marry both of you and make it darned bigamy!"

■ ■ ■

If you could see Bette Davis at the "Cotton Club" these starry nights, you'd know why the news had been circulating that she's the most frivolous flirt in Hollywood. For the dazzling Bette, whether dining, wining, or dancing, is always surrounded by a group of handsome young men. But the truth will out! So here's the low-down. "Ham" Nelson, the orchestra conductor, is none other than Bette's own husband, and all the gallant gentlemen who vie for Bette's favor are none other than his best friends, trying to help the little wife to kill time while waiting for her husband to quit work and take her home! Spikkin of devotion, that's almost the tops. But the *real* tops was a while back when "Ham" was playing in a San Francisco café and living in an auto camp to save money. Bette asked for a vacation at the studio, packed bag and baggage off to the aforementioned auto camp, and proceeded to cook, scrub and mend for her husband 'til that job was over. That's what we call love—in capital letters.

(*Continued on page 83*)

between you and me

Has your letter been published in this corner? If it hasn't, get busy, boys and girls, and drop us a line

Is Mary too Placid?



Why do some players who have a large and loyal following of fans and more ability than the average actor or actress suddenly drop from sight? Who decides that we do not want to see them any more?

Take Mary Brian for instance. She has a large fan following and is capable and popular. Her fans want her back. Why can't we see her more often in good parts in good pictures? She is much better than most of the actresses we have to see over and over again. We love her. Why not give this little girl a hand or must she be forty or a gay divorcee to succeed? Or are they so busy with the foreign stars that they have not time for the modest sweet home people who have no temperament? And I guess Mary Brian is the only one who fills that description, at that, whether foreign or domestic. — Jack Wheeler, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Nice Girls Don't Smoke



My favorite actress used to be Ruby Keeler, but since I discovered that she smokes, she has gone down considerably in my estimation. Girls who don't smoke like to be able to look up to at least one star and be able to say, "There's a swell person who has no use for cigarettes either." So a word to Ruby: nice girls don't smoke and if you don't want to lose your popularity, you had better quit it.—Virginia Kendall, Seminole, Okla.

Charming Mr. Vallee



Rudy Vallee is the most delightful personality to hit the screen in ages. His performance in "Sweet Music" was the most appealing of the year in my opinion. For the first time movie producers have given the long-popular radio star a break and Vallee made the most of it. He went through the piece with a naturalness and charm that struck an entirely new note for the screen. His singing was more wonderful than ever, his acting and comedy great; and from start to finish he completely won and held his audience. That should definitely prove that the Vallee charm is no myth, but a reality.—Nina C., Savannah, Ga.

She Wonders Why

You ask us to write to you, telling you what we think and what our own opinions are toward the movie people; then you'll publish them. Well, I've wrote several letters and not one of them has even been published in a Modern Screen Magazine as I get one every month on purpose.

Honestly I believe you're worse liars than some of these crooks that run loose on Fifth Ave., in New York. It would be far different if you would publish one letter at least from every person that writes. Then maybe people would believe you.

Personally, I doubt very much if you ever print letters that are written by outsiders. I believe you write your own letters about the people you care about, then sign some dizzy name to them and publish them.

That will be all for this time.—Modern Screen Fan, Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Case of Franchot Tone



May I enter my protest against the extremely poor roles Franchot Tone has been drawing lately. I see no reason for continually typing him as a rich cad who likes his liquor. Of course, he does that sort of role very well, but he is a versatile actor and should be given a greater variety of roles. Witness "The Stranger's Return" and "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." That boy has the goods and he should not be wasted in roles the average young actor of indifferent ability could do.—J. Hunter Norris, Baltimore, Md.

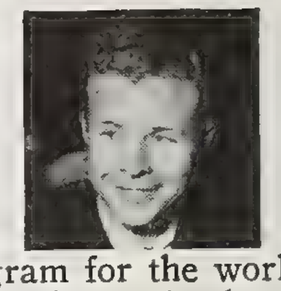
Change of Mind



I have just seen "The Wedding Night" and as I left the theatre, my thoughts were not with Gary Cooper nor Anna Sten, but with Helen Vinson, the actress who is forever being cast as the cold, heartless wife.

I always thought she had been cast perfectly before, as I thought she even "looked" the part, but that just proves what a real actress she is, because in "The Wedding Night," she had a chance to be a little human and she showed us how really charming, lovable and cute she could be when given the chance.—Hess Harrison, Muskogee, Okla.

Her Heart Beat



He is better than Clark Gable! He is grand, colossal! My heart thumps wildly whenever he appears on the screen. I wouldn't miss any of his pictures nor his radio program for the world. What a smile, what a voice and what a boyish personality! Who is it? Why that Dick Powell boy, of course. I just can't see or hear enough of him.—Florence Blair, Boston, Mass.

Knocks and Boosts



I am glad that, in cleaning up the movies, the producers are also breaking up a few of these screen teams. The best thing they did was to separate MacDonald and Chevalier (pictured). His croaking is an insult to her glorious voice. Why, oh, why must we have such an overabundance of lip cast upon us. If he is what they call effervescent then I'll take ZaSu Pitts.

Having just seen "Naughty Marietta," I can't stop raving about the superb performances turned in by the ravishing Jeanette and that he-man singer, Nelson Eddy. The picture is in its second week in New Haven and, believe me, a picture has to be real good to do that in this critical old town.—Frances Holmes, New Haven, Conn.

Wants Sweetness and Light



Sometimes I sit and wonder just what it is that makes some screen stars great. They must have something, but I go to their pictures and fail to see it. Greta Garbo with her silly remoteness; Crawford with her posing. Those stars don't seem real to me. I like to see an actress on the screen who is pretty and charming and real. I'm afraid I couldn't apply any of those adjectives to Garbo, Crawford or Mae West. Enough for the brickbats,.

I saw Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She was delightful. And there's lovely Jean Parker (pictured). Just to see her face on the screen makes one believe in the three virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity.—Rosetta Wyninger, Anderson, Ind.

(*Continued on page 62*)

If you could look *Under* Your Skin

—you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands. When they grow sluggish, look out for skin faults!



Miss Hélène Macy of New York says: "Since I began to use Pond's Cold Cream, my skin is clearer, smoother, the pores invisible."

When *Underskin fails to function,* *expect* Lines, Blackheads, Blemishes!

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Do you know what keeps it firm, young? Millions of tiny nerve and muscle fibres just *below* the surface.

What gives it that clear glow that never fails to win admiration? The active circulation in little blood vessels all through the *underskin.*

Skin authorities say the whole beauty of your outer skin depends on the proper functioning of all these things just *under your skin!*

Hundreds of women have learned to ward off skin faults with a cream that both cleanses to the depths and rouses the slowing underskin to vigorous action —Pond's Cold Cream.

And here's the simple way they use it:—

EVERY NIGHT, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously, patting it in till the skin is warm and supple. It sinks deep into the pores, softens and flushes away dirt, make-up and impurities from within the skin itself. Wipe cream and dirt away.

Pat in some more cream briskly, and give your cleansed skin a second invigorating treatment with it. The circulation stirs. Oil glands are wakened. Tissues and fibres toned. See how clear and glowing your skin looks. How satiny to the touch.

IN THE MORNING, repeat this. In the daytime, too, before you put on fresh make-up. Rouge and powder go on evenly, stay fresh for hours.



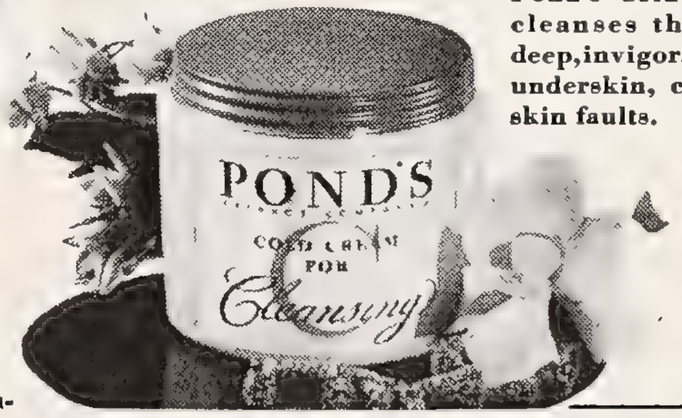
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Pond's Cold Cream cleanses the skin deep, invigorates the underskin, corrects skin faults.



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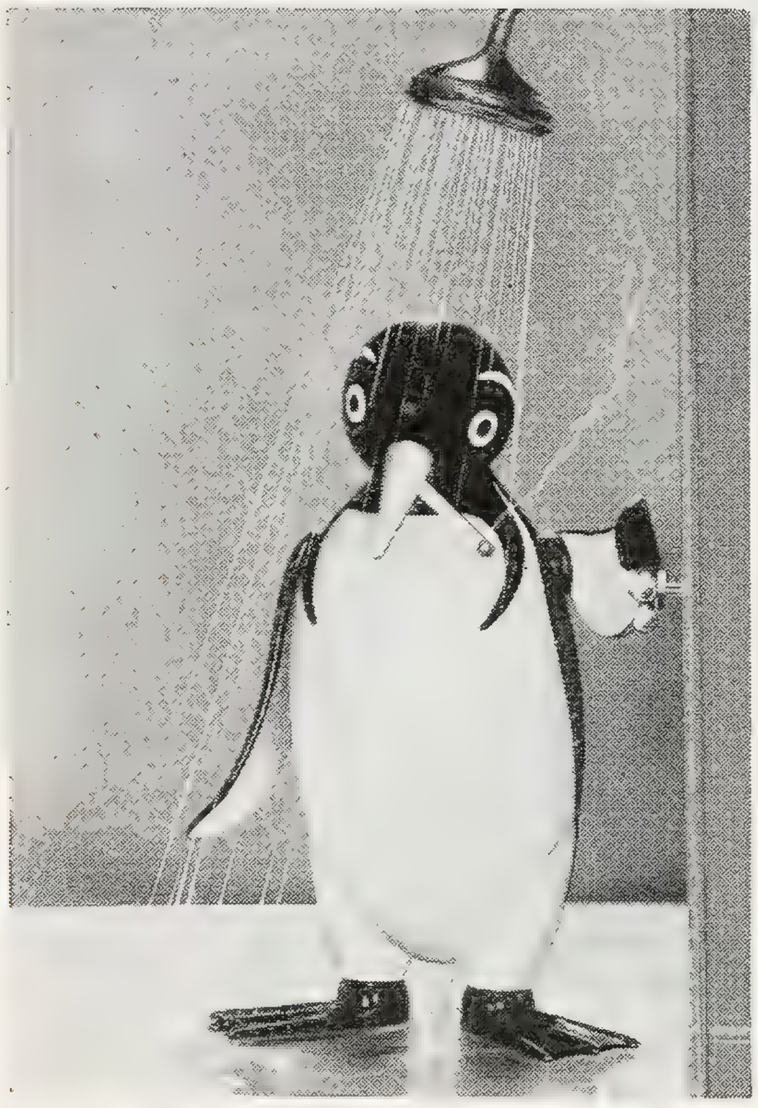
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Our guest teacher this month is this charming person, Zee Silvonia, conductor of Paramount's "Charm School."

Modern Screen Dramatic School

By Katherine Albert

A LOT of you Dramatic School students—you boys and girls, men and women who are interested in amateur theatricals, who want to make the stage your real career or who are simply interested in the art of drama as a means of enriching your lives—tell me that you're having trouble with the sheer mechanics of bodily movement.

"What can I do with my hands?" you ask me.

"How can I stand up and sit down gracefully on the stage?"

"What is the correct way to walk?"

Last month I told you that I was going to discuss some of the individual dramatic club problems (and there are now hundreds of clubs formed throughout the country, but there is still room for more). Your big problems seem to be posture, walking, sitting, standing and gesturing. So let's start off by learning about them. And certainly I can bring you no better teacher than Zee Silvonia, conductor of Paramount's "Charm School." This month you are going to receive the benefit of her vast knowledge. You are going to learn exactly what she teaches the young Paramount players who are about to be launched upon screen careers. I think we're darned lucky to have her as our guest.

Her own story is pretty fascinating in itself. She was one of the most beautiful girls in the "Follies," but when she came to Hollywood she had a run of bad (*Continued on page 75*)

How to acquire poise and charm

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AT ALL STORES

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GLADY'S B., MILDRED COLLISON, IRENE BARATH, Cleveland, Ohio; GRACE W. BEAVERS, Tuscumbia, Ala.; ELEANOR WECHSLER, Bklyn., N. Y.; NATALIE HOARE, Ontario, Canada; ELIZABETH FLEMING, Miami, Fla.; GOLDIE REILICH, New York City; RUTH AVRAM, Ft. Thomas, Ky.; EMMA JUNE DEUBERT, Belleville, Mich.; JANET GUION, FLORENCE KRAMER, ISABELLE BURNS, Pittsburgh, Pa.; ANN SUMMERS, Covington, Ky.; ROBERT MURPHREE, High Springs, Fla.; JERRY and BEATRICE LEVY, Philadelphia, Pa.; GINGER MONTEITH, Des Moines, Iowa; FRANCES, Columbia, S. C.; MARY GALAROWICZ, Detroit, Mich.; BETTY CYR, Gary, Ind.; LUCILLE JANSSEN, Sheboygan, Wis.; MIRIAM TYSON, Atlanta, Ga.; MARGARET ROSE, Ottawa, Canada—Now that that's over, we can get down to the real business of investigating the past and present of Gene Raymond. His "vital statistics" are: Real name—Raymond Guion; Birthdate—August 13, 1908; Birthplace—New York City; Nationality—American (French descent); Height—5 feet 10 inches; Weight—150 pounds; Coloring—Blue eyes, blonde hair (nearly platinum). He has one brother named Robert. Gene made his first stage appearance at the age of five, was educated in New York public and private schools while occasionally taking parts in plays. From 1922 until 1931 he took up his stage career in earnest, appearing in a great many productions. His first picture was for Paramount opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid," and since that time he has made pictures for nearly every major company in Hollywood. He is at present under contract to Columbia Studios, 1438 North Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., where you can reach him and get his photograph for 25 cents. He enjoys horseback riding, tennis and golf. His favorite delicacy is a thick steak and he can prepare bacon and eggs expertly. He spends his leisure days on the desert, plays the piano well and enjoys travel. He lives in Beverly Hills and is often visited by his mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling, a writer. His most recent picture is "Hooray for Love."

DOROTHY SCHOLLAERT, Joffre, Pa.—No, Jeanette MacDonald is not married. There has been a rumor, never substantiated, that she is secretly married to Bob Ritchie. At any rate, they are together a great deal.

VIRGINIA WINSLOW, Waltham, Mass.; BERNICE BLOOMFIELD, Detroit, Mich.; MARIE MENTEN; ELEANORA SALAY, Hicksville, Ohio; M. S. H., Walden, N. Y.—And now for Janet Gaynor. "Vital statistics": Real name—Laura Gainer; Birthdate—October 6, 1907; Birthplace—Philadelphia, Pa.; Height—5 feet; Weight—100 pounds; Coloring—Brown eyes, copper brown hair. She has one sister. When Janet was 6 her family moved to Chicago where she attended the Graeme Stewart grade school. When they moved again to San Francisco, she finished her education at San Francisco Polytechnic High School, and worked in a shoe shop and then as usherette in a movie theatre. The day after Christmas in 1924, she obtained her first job as an extra in Hollywood. Work was scarce so she took up secretarial training, but gave it up believing that she was no business woman. Back to the studios again, she began to get better and better parts. Her first real leading role was in "The Johnstown Flood." The rest is history. She is divorced from Lydell Peck and her best friend is Margaret Lindsay. She plays the piano and ukelele and her favorite sports are swimming and golf. Her favorite food is Chinese dishes and her pet colors are yellow and blue. She dislikes exhibitionism and is very shy, rarely appearing at public functions. Her hobby is collecting Lalique glassware, and arranging "phonograph operas." She is under contract to the Fox Studios, Movietone City, Hollywood, Calif. Her next picture will be "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

VIOLET CONNORS, Harrison, N. J.—Grace Moore's birthday is December 5, and she was born in 1901. Her leading man in "Love Me Forever" is Michael Bartlett who, under the name of Eduardo Bartelli, has won European successes achieved by few Americans. He is hailed by music critics as the best American born tenor. Leo Carrillo has a very important part in the picture, too. Jeanette MacDonald has never sung in opera. She has, however, given concerts throughout Europe.

ANNA AMEN and ALICE M. WEBER, New York City; SUZANNE SCHIESL, St. Joseph, Mo.; FRIEDA BEELER, Clawson, Mich.; L. HARTMANN, Chicago, Ill.; MAE and HELEN ROCK, Oak Park, Ill.; JEAN FIELDS, Bklyn., N. Y.—Fred MacMurray is named after his father, the noted concert violinist. He was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30, 1908, and after a few weeks his parents moved to Beaver Dam, Wis., where they settled for a few years. Here Fred attended grade and high school. He also went to high school in Madison where he won 10 letters for his athletic prowess in football, baseball, track and basketball. He later enrolled at Carroll College in Waukesha, Wis., where he remained for a year. Then to Chicago as a saxophonist and soloist in a dance band, followed by a similar position in the stage band at Warner's Hollywood Theatre. In 1929 MacMurray was featured in a singing sketch with Libby Holman in "Three's a Crowd" on Broadway, during which time he was with the California Collegians, a cooperative traveling orchestra. For the next five years Fred remained with this orchestra and appeared regularly in New York's most popular night clubs. The band was booked for featured billing in Max Gordon's hit, "Roberta," where, in addition to his singing, MacMurray was understudy to the leading man. Paramount talent scouts spotted him and in April, 1934, he was signed to a long term contract. You can write him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, and weighs 185 pounds. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His Paramount pictures are: "The Gilded Lily," "Car 99," "Men Without Names" and his next will be "Alice Adams" with Katharine Hepburn for which he has been borrowed by RKO.

PHILIP MACY, Piru, Calif.—Samuel Hines played the part of Jean Parker's father in "Sequoia." Yes, Ann Sothern's real name is Harriette Lake.

BETTY WAND, Elizabeth, Ill.; PEGGY MONSON, Burrel, Calif.; DALE MILLER, Callery, Pa.; WILMA, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; MRS. C. NEWMAN, Detroit, Mich.—Just what Ginger Rogers' real name actually is, is hard to state. According to her biography it is Virginia Rogers, but according to her marriage certificate it is Katherine McMath—so take your choice. Anyway, she was born in Independence, Mo., on July 16, 1911, and later moved to Fort Worth, Texas, where she attended school. When she was 15 she won the Texas Charleston championship. Through this she obtained a vaudeville contract followed by sundry stage engagements. Then she went into a featured role in the musical, "Top Speed," and while appearing in this show, made her screen debut in "Young Men of Manhattan," which was made in the East. She was in several other musicals, the last of which was "Girl Crazy" in which she made a tremendous hit. Then to Hollywood and the lead in "The Tip Off." Ginger is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has gold-red hair and blue eyes. Dancing is her hobby, and her favorite method of keeping trim. She plays a fair game of tennis, likes to play golf and is fond of swimming and riding. She likes music and cooking and her favorite dish is ham and eggs. When she was quite young she married Edward Jackson Culpepper and was later divorced. On November 14, 1934, she and Lew Ayres became man and wife—and a cute couple they make, too. Her career will not be halted by this matrimonial

(Continued on page 67)

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 67. General questions, of course, will be answered here, too. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

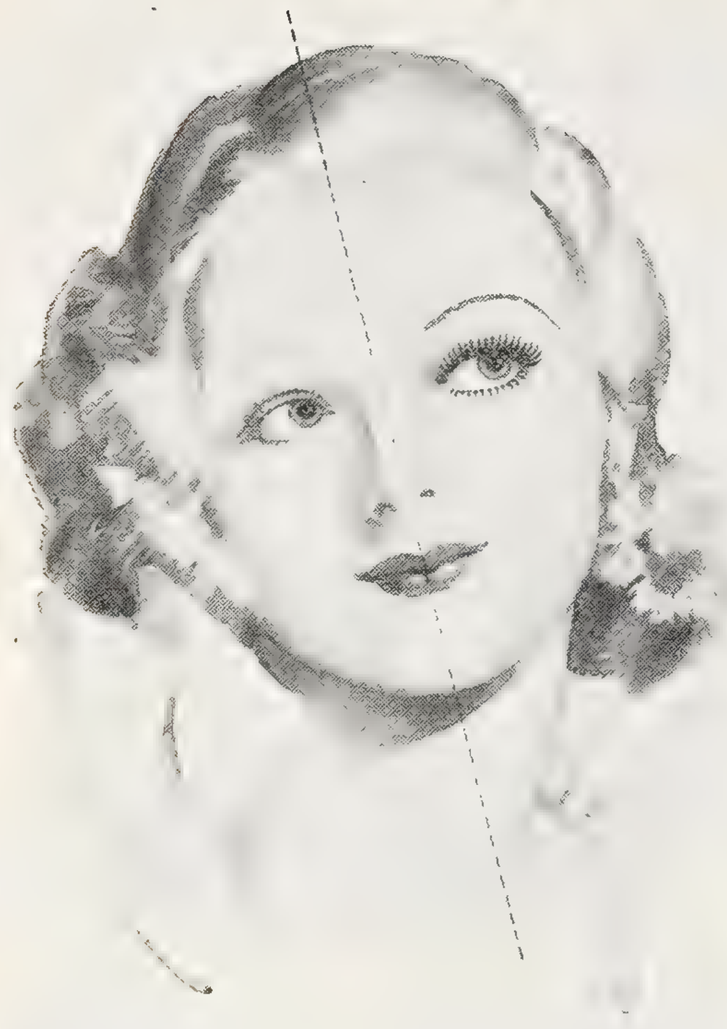
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Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 56*)

Rescue Kent Taylor



I want to start a "beef" because more hasn't been done for that perfectly grand person, Kent Taylor. If he were given some good parts in pictures, rather than these namby-pamby sweetheart roles, I'm betting he would pass Clark Gable in no time. And please don't co-star him with Evelyn Venable. Give him someone who is alive.—Betty Hayes, Los Angeles, Calif.

Silly!



Just what does Regina Cannon mean by calling Katharine Hepburn an exhibitionist? If any one is an exhibitionist it is Greta (silly) Garbo. What do you suppose she is acting the way she does for? Just to get writers like Cannon hot and bothered. Garbo can do all the smiling in public she wants to, but it's going to take more than that to get her fans back. Garbo has been putting on this little show for a long time, but when she saw that Hepburn was crowding her out, she took herself to the Trocadero to get some publicity. I know all about this big Garbo mystery act and it's time you woke up to the facts (don't be so darn silly).—Ardent Hepburn Fan.

All Agog



I want to thank you for your article about Nelson Eddy in the June issue. He is all that you say, and more, as I can testify after seeing and hearing him sing in person here in my home town four weeks ago. I was still running around in circles four days later when I went to see "Naughty Marietta," and after viewing the picture there was no more argument about the matter. In my opinion he is the perfect formula for screen success, and if he does not become the most popular hero in the history of the screen then I am a poor prophet, as he has an equal appeal for both men and women. It is a pity that the silver screen does not do justice to his unusual good looks; however, he will come into his own in color pictures and then his fans can see him as he really is.—Lois Williams, Dallas, Texas.

Just a word of congratulation for Nelson Eddy. "Naughty Marietta" was held over in Atlanta for two weeks. I saw it five different times. Nelson Eddy is a perfect combination of gentleman, lover, and singer. Three cheers for Nelson Eddy.—Jane Colby, Atlanta, Ga.

Here at last is a real man who doesn't look sissy when he sings, yet has a truly wonderful voice. May we hear more of this new sensational star, Nelson Eddy.—Ann Cain, Kansas City, Mo.

Address your letters to:
Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Is Helen in a Rut?



It is difficult not to drop a few lines in criticism of the roles that are being assigned to little Helen Mack. A charming person and a capable actress in parts requiring genuine ability. Even if she has not actual star rating at the present time, she would well repay the "risk" of allowing her to portray the part of Fleur in Galsworthy's "The White Monkey." Cannot something be done about it?—D. H. Pingree, Waltham, Mass.

Complainin'

I'm tired of seeing Crawford, Colbert, Harlow, Dietrich, Bennett and the rest of the same chosen few forever overpublicized. Give the others a chance. I used to buy a number of movie magazines each month, but lately have not because I am too fed up reading about the same stars all the time.

I'd like a respite from those silly animated cartoons and "comedy shorts" inflicted upon us along with a good feature picture. Does an exhibitor have to show all that tripe when there are so many wonderful novelty sketches that could be substituted?—Ethel Carlson, Chicago, Ill.

In all Fairness . . .



Fred Astaire deserves all the praise he is receiving for he is the greatest screen discovery in the past few years. But in mentioning him, let us not forget Ginger Rogers who has risen to fame alongside of him. She is the sweetest and most adorable personality on the screen today. I hope RKO never stops making pictures with them for we will never tire of them. I can hardly wait for their next one.—Betty Wexler. Bronx, N. Y.



Mrs. Eddy meets her son Nelson on his return from a concert tour. He'll do another musical with La MacDonald soon.

The Truth About the Mysterious Miss Loy

(*Continued from page 26*)

money was made to be spent—and spent it. He read books with Myrna and rode over the ranges with her and laughed at her early ambition to become a dancer.

This ambition was born, Myrna believes when, at the age of six, her mother took her to see Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." The children who danced in that pageant danced straight into Myrna's heart and with their unconscious grace moulded an ambition.

BUT Father Williams didn't really sympathize with his small daughter's avowed career. He was of the school who thinks the theatre no place for a daughter of his. Not that he worried about it. He didn't have time . . .

And so, for those first thirteen years Myrna went to public school and played games in the afternoon. She made fudge with girl friends and read Louisa M. Alcott, "Lorna Doone," "The Wide, Wide World," and Tennyson's poems—and dreamed. She studied hard and successfully only the things she wanted to study. And the things she wanted to study were the subjects she thought would be of use to her when the world should applaud her as a premiere danseuse. History and English were her favorite subjects. For from history she could draw upon the stately images of queens and reconstruct scenes at Versailles and the pomp and vanity of the French and Viennese Courts. And from English she could absorb the living thoughts of dead poets, the immortal dreams of great men—and all of this would live again in her Art. She loved dramatics, too, of course. And gym because she knew that she must keep her body supple and fit.

She had a great many girl friends but no boy friends at all.

"I was," Myrna laughs now about it "a very plain little girl, to put it kindly. Carrotty hair. Freckles then, as now. Light eyelashes and eyebrows and unpleasantly skinny. I was a tomboy, too. Grubby hands and knees, torn dresses and socks, screechy voice. Not a trace of dimpled appeal. No one ever called me a 'little angel.' I was really quite hopelessly plain. It must have been hopeless if my mother gave up and did nothing about me. She evidently felt that you can't make a glittering brocade purse out of a little freckled sow's ear. She just saw to it that my hands and face were immaculately scrubbed at least once a day, my dresses tubbed and my reddish hair tightly braided into two pig-tails for neatness' sake. And let it go at that.

"And I suffered agonies in silence. I always have been inarticulate when it comes to personal pain. I wanted, passionately, to be beautiful. I read of Elaine and Guinevere and childish heroines like the 'Little Colonel' and I covered the pages with great globby tears of self-pity.

"I suffered all the more because, of all things, I had chosen for my best friend the little girl who lived next door. And she was a curly, golden-haired cherub who wore ruffles and ribbons. She had a peaches and cream skin and nary a freckle to her face, and a gurgly little giggle. She was feminine, soft and lovable—everything that I was not. She was a lace paper valentine, I was the comic

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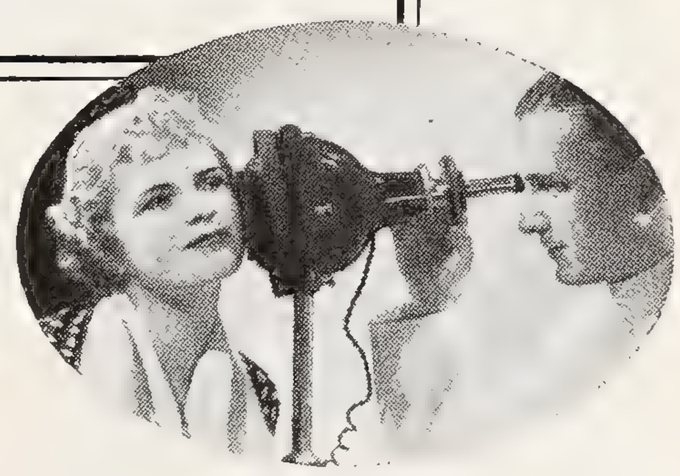
SHE WAS A PRETTY GIRL—that is, she would have been if her skin weren't so dull and washed-out looking. It made even her hair and eyes look faded. She was using a *flesh* powder of a popular make. It made her skin look positively chalky! "You are deadening your skin with that powder," the Color Analyst said. "See what this will do." He put on Pond's Rose Brunette. "Why it's lovely!" she said breathlessly. Her skin glowed enchantingly. Her hair looked like spun gold. Her eyes sparkled like jewels!

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variety! The boys made a great fuss over her—they carried her books to and from school for her. *I* trudged alone carrying my own. They shared their lunches with her, bought her ice cream and candies and sent her smudgy little notes covered with circular kisses. I ate my own lunch and never had a single note to my name. The contrast was really rather awful for me—it's a wonder it didn't give me an inferiority complex for the rest of my life. There was Amy, golden-curled and so pretty and there was I, pig-tailed and freckled!

THEN, to make the situation still more acute, I fell in love with a lordly lad of twelve. And *he* fell in love with Amy! I worshipped him. He worshipped Amy. And if adults bemoan the pain of unrequited love, they should remember the awful, inarticulate love of twelve!

"He would ride Amy home from school, this Romeo, on the back of his bicycle and I would tag along behind, taking little running steps in an effort to keep up with them, trying to pretend that I was having a glorious time, that it was fun and squeezing my eyes tight shut all the while to keep the tears back! Amy would get me to telephone him, too, from my house, and invite him over to play with 'us.' And when he came he and Amy would go off and have secrets together and play games which never included me. I didn't try to compete. I think I knew I had no weapons with which to fight. It never occurred to me that I might try keeping my hands clean and curling my hair and softening my war-whoopish voice. I had none of the instinctive siren in me. I haven't now. Which is why the fact that I have played so many slinky exotic sirens on the screen strikes me as really funny . . .

"As a pay-off to that portion of my past . . . not very long ago I had a note from this very boy—*asking for my autograph!* He had been seeing me on the screen and realized, suddenly, that Myrna Loy and the small Myrna Williams were one and the same. He said very flattering and rather fulsome things, the kind of things that would have transported the child Myrna to Seventh Heaven. One might say that the Law of Compensation had worked in my behalf. It had—but too late.

"That was my first experience of being in love with someone who wasn't in love with me. I've had the same experience many times since. Unrequited love! I should be a poetess to sing that dirge. I've almost always fallen in love with the wrong man—or with a man who didn't know the state of my feelings.

"Gary Cooper lived a block in back of us in those days. I don't remember him. He says that he vaguely recalls seeing me about. And my mother knew his mother. Doubtless we went to the same grammar school together and must often have ridden the same ranges. It's just as well I didn't see him—I should probably have had another unrequited love to weep over!"

And so Myrna's childhood, up to the age of thirteen, was the childhood of any everyday little American girl in a happy home. Then, when Myrna was thirteen, came the flu epidemic. Myrna, her mother and brother were all stricken with the dread malady. Indeed, the whole town of Helena was laid low by the epidemic. Hospitals were filled beyond capacity in that first onslaught. Nurses were at a premium. In the Williams household a nurse was obtainable only for an hour or so each day. And for the rest of the time David Williams acted as nurse for his wife and two children. When Myrna became so ill that she was unconscious and had to be packed in ice, she would wake from a coma every now and again to be conscious that her father was sitting by her bedside, his strong hand holding firmly to hers.

He saved her life—and lost his own.

Gradually Myrna, her mother and brother recovered and then, with fatal swiftness, the malady struck David Williams. Myrna was sent to the house of a neighbor—to wait.

One day dragged by, two days. Myrna wandered restlessly about the house. On the third day, at high noon, she suddenly felt giddy, funny. She ran upstairs to an empty bedroom with her invariable instinct for hiding her heart from others. As she entered the room the thin blade of a knife seemed to enter her fast-beating heart. She said aloud *"Daddy is dead."* She sat down to wait for the telephone to ring. Within five minutes it rang. Another few minutes and her hostess came slowly into the room. Myrna did not need to look at that compassionate face. She said, without raising her eyes, "You don't have to tell me, Mrs. Carter—*I know.*"

MYRNA said, "I can't explain, but with Daddy gone I never thought of anybody taking care of me. I knew that any care to be taken was up to me. Perhaps it was because I had always been identified so closely with my father that, when the reins fell from his hands, I picked them up. Perhaps, too, it was because mother had always been such a gay person, without ever having had to shoulder responsibility or know the meaning of making ends meet.

"In spite of which she was really magnificent in the months that followed. She rose to the sad occasion gallantly and competently. She decided that we would go to California, she, David and I. We had spent an occasional winter in La Jolla when we were younger and it had always agreed with her. Her health was precarious . . . Dad's death, her own illness and those of the friends who had fallen to right and to left of us had endangered it. There was a small amount of money left us from our lands in Montana and from insurance. We could manage until I should begin to work.

"We came to California and rented a small house in Culver City, not very far from here."

Myrna went to the Westlake School for Girls for a year. She wanted to study dancing and music. She wanted more history, French and English. She was too young, at that time, to do anything but prepare. Before the year was over, she had found a position, teaching dancing in a small private dancing school. She had thirty pupils, most of them older than herself, and she earned twenty-five dollars a month for her labors.

Myrna said, "Even in high school I never mingled much with the other girls. Alone the majority of the time, I always could be found, wearing a wisp of chiffon, in every May festival or amateur theatrical. But even in those moments you could hardly have called me companionable. For I was not being myself—I was somebody else!"

A little later Myrna decided to study sculpture. Both for its own sake and because she believed the plastic art would contribute to her dancing. She finally entered Venice High School in Southern California because she'd discovered that an artist of national renown, Mr. H. F. Winebrenner, was head of the art classes.

Not even then did boys, crushes or romance enter Myrna's life. She said, "I think my almost boy-less state at that time can be accounted for by the fact that



While Myrna Loy was studying sculpture at the Venice High School, she was selected to portray Spirit because she possessed intelligent understanding, beauty and grace.

I was consumed with a passion for *success*. My dreams were dreams of success. My daytimes were spent pursuing it. And then, there were things to do at home—helping mother, helping David do his homework. Occasionally I felt dreamily in love with some gilded youth but always one who did not know that I existed."

WHILE Myrna was sculpturing at Venice High, Mr. Winebrenner planned a sculptured group wherewith to grace the campus. He conceived the idea of an allegorical group of three figures, one to represent the Physical, another the Mental and a third the Spiritual. This classical group was completed and won the admiration of the art world. But a mystery hovered about it for five years—the mystery of the identity of the model who had posed for the Spiritual. Then, five years after the unveiling, the sculptor revealed the identity of his model—Myrna Loy!

Mr. Winebrenner is quoted as saying, "I had no difficulty in selecting the first two models. A football gladiator posed for the Physical and a pretty girl of high scholastic standing for the Mental. But the model for the Spiritual was not so easy. It required a girl with a beautiful body and if that were all it would have been easy. But animating the body the spirit had to be manifest, clear and idealistic. A prismatic refraction of intelligent understanding, beauty and grace combined into the term called spiritual. I was watching an interpretive dance at the school one day and happened to notice Myrna Williams, one of my own pupils. My eyes were opened. It took a good deal of persuading to induce her to pose for me but she finally consented to do so providing the work be done in the privacy of my own studio-home. Later, she asked me to keep her identity a secret. She said she would feel so silly, a little, unknown schoolgirl, being marbleized as Spirit!"

"My dancing school work," Myrna told me, "was getting me exactly nowhere. The twenty-five a month was getting us into debt. Funds were dwindling and drastic action was imperative. I had to take that action. I never wavered in my conviction that I was the man of the family. I wouldn't ask for help.

"I heard, then, that Fancho & Marco were putting on one of their revues at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre. I applied for the job and got it. I was one of



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Print Your Name and Address

thirty girls doing the dance numbers. I stayed there for one year and three months, made thirty dollars a week and was grateful."

And not then, not even then, did boys, good times, staying out late and partying figure in the life of Myrna Williams. Now and again she went dancing with some boy. Now and again she was in love with some youth who was unaware of her. The work was hard and constant and she had occasion many times, she told me, to be grateful to the Montana plains for the sound body they had given her. Now Myrna admitted, laughing, she never makes an athletic move. She is, she says, one of the laziest women living. A swim now and again is the sum total of her gladiatorial gaddings. And then, too, at that period of her life she had few clothes and when you have few clothes and must look smart all of the time, a considerable amount of home dry-cleaning, pressing and mending is necessary.

"Then—" said Myrna, "then something happened to me that was to be the turning point for me. Though, as is usually the case, I didn't know it for a turning point when I saw it. It was chance . . . and it is my belief that Chance is seventy-five per cent of success, the other twenty-five must be ability.

"Henry Waxman, the photographer, happened to have an idle evening on his hands. He dropped into the Egyptian. I chanced, that night, to be the central figure in the dance numbers. He happened to notice me, and thought I would make a good photographic subject. He came back stage and offered to photograph me. I was flattered and accepted the very kind offer, which was to be without cost to me. No one had ever wanted to photograph me before.

"The pictures were made. They turned out beautifully. A day or so later, Valentino happened to be in Waxman's studio. He saw my pictures and he asked about me. He went to see me at the Egyptian. The next day Henry Waxman called me. I was to go to the studio where Mr. Valentino would make a test of me—Natacha Rambova was preparing to screen "What Price Beauty?" and—and they wanted to test me!

"I couldn't sleep that night. I thought, *"Ha, there, Amy!"* The next day, carrying my heart in my hand, I walked into the presence of the most beloved man on the face of the earth. The most beloved and the kindest. Natacha was there, too, and they explained to me that they wanted me to test for the part of Intellect. Natacha was using all types of women in this picture which starred Nita Naldi.

RUDY himself made me up—and to this day and hour," Myrna said, a tremble in her low-pitched voice, "to this very hour I think there has never been an hour so terrific, so thrilling as that hour when Rudy's hands worked on me, when Rudy's eyes watched me, when Natacha brought me her own clothes to wear, when they both stood by and helped me make the test—both so friendly, so kind. Wherever Natacha is now, and if she reads my life story, I hope she will know that I am remembering her kindness . . . and Rudy's . . .

"Well, and so the test was made. A few days later I went to see it. I walked into that projection room alive and I walked out of it—*dead.*

"As I watched my screen self, stiff, absurd, ugly, I thought. 'They've done all these things for me and I'm *a complete flop!*'

"Imagine . . . imagine what it meant to me, not only to know that I had failed, lost my chance—but that I had failed *Valentino!* If there could be any young fate more heart-breaking, more nerve-shattering than that I should not like to know about it."

But there is something sturdy and substantial about this girl who has played so many "exotics." The freckles on that bizarre and beautiful countenance are the little brown badges of her independence. They give the lie to the lotus-lily soul. She is not languorous, of the night-blooming species. The pioneer spirit of Grandmother Annabelle beats valiantly in her blood. When she is down she is down only long enough to draw a full recuperative breath and then—she goes ahead and does things.

She went home from that projection room and stayed in bed for two weeks. That was the recuperative breath. When she rose, recharged, she decided that she must go to New York to dance and find new fields. But before she could go, there must be the wherewithal to go on. And wherewithals were earned, not given. Perhaps she could get some extra work at, say, M-G-M. An extra didn't need to photograph beautifully.

Carfare was scarce in those lean days but fortunately Myrna was near enough to walk from her home to M-G-M. She found out where the casting office was, she entered it and, on those narrow wooden benches of hope so often deferred, Myrna sat patiently, long day after long day.

And there, again, the drama of this girl's story should smite the reader between the eyes. Her first entrance into M-G-M—as an applicant for extra work, a holder-downer of wooden benches. And now, a handful of years later, a star in that same studio, with the gates flung wide at her entrance!

Every now and again, in those days, a small wooden grille would open sharply and a man's cold eyes would slue about, eyeing the bench-sitters as though they were so many bolts of goods. Now and again his voice would bark, "Here, you Elsie de Smithers . . ." or, "You, there, in the black sateen, wanter work today?"

But no one called, "Here, you . . ." to the thin girl called Myrna Loy.

And then, one long day later, when funds were ebbing low and hope was having to fight for its life, the grille opened and the fateful voice boomed out, "Hey, you over there in the blue suit, wanter work?"

And Myrna said, "Oh, yes—yes, please—"

And she entered the portals of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

What did she find awaiting her behind those magic doors? If you make seven guesses they will all be wrong.

(*This is the first of two articles on Myrna Loy's life story.*)

Attention!

Madame Sylvia of Hollywood begins a series of articles in the September Modern Screen

See page 34 of this issue for details

The Information Desk

(*Continued from page 60*)

venture. Quite to the contrary. Her next picture will be "Top Hat" again with Fred Astaire. You can write her at the RKO-Radio Studio, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif. (Aside to Mrs. N.—Never heard that story, but it may be true.)

BETTY HAYES, Germantown, Pa.—Helen Hayes was born Helen Hayes Brown, in Washington, D. C., October 10. She is 5 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Cary Grant's birthday is January 18, and he is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 172 pounds and has black wavy hair and brown eyes. Leslie Howard, born in London, England, on April 24, 1893, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds.

ANNIE DICHIARA, Sacramento, Calif.; RAY MORRISON and MARION TRIGILI, Philadelphia, Pa.; CAROLINE WALTZ, Palmyra, Pa.; GLORIA KOHL, Cincinnati, Ohio; D'ARCY FALLER, Carlisle, Pa.; MARY MONTOYA, Long Beach, Calif.; WALTER P. LEN; CAROLYN JURIS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; H. A. REED, Cass Lake, Minn.—From the listing above, one would almost think that Pennsylvania had an option on George Raft. However, that's beside the point, and Mr. Raft has had such an interesting life, we'd better get to it. Born in New York, September 27, of French, German and Italian parentage, George attended public school in that city. When he was 15 he became a boxer, and as a bantam weight fought for two years in the leading clubs of New York without particular success. He next tried baseball and was signed as an outfielder on the Springfield (Mass.) Eastern League team but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average was pretty grim. On his return to New York he secured employment "hoofing" at tea dances. Then came stock companies followed by musical shows in which he danced with Elsie Pilcer. Europe called and George became the highest paid American dancer ever to thrill Continental audiences, and he became known as one of the world's fastest dancers. On his return to New York, Raft danced in innumerable night clubs and motion picture theatres, until he was induced to go to Hollywood to play in "Quick Millions." The role of the gangster in "Scarface," though, was what brought him his Paramount contract. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has an olive complexion and black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball, dancing and boxing. He is separated from his wife and has been going around with Virginia Pine for over a year now. Although he does not give his age, I would estimate it to be around 30. His next picture after "The Glass Key" will be "Every Night at Eight" with Alice Faye and Frances Langford. You can reach him (and get his photograph for 25 cents) at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

A. L. SALYIERS—Shirley Temple's next picture will be "Our Little Girl" followed by "Curly Top." Kent Taylor's most recent opus is "College Scandal" and Ray Milland is in "The Glass Key" and his next will probably be "The Last Outpost." Kent Taylor was born in Nashua, Iowa, and Dick Powell in Mt. View, Ark.

PEGGY FISH, Newtonville, Mass.; ELLEN F. CROWE, New York City; ALMA REISINGER, Newark, N. J.; BETTY GRAHAM, San Francisco, Calif.; M. J. Detroit, Mich.; VERA BROWNING, St. Louis, Mo.; LUCILLE CAMPBELL, Wash., Pa.—Robert Taylor, a newcomer, was born in Filley, Nebraska, the son of Dr. S. A. Brough, a physician. Later the family moved to Beatrice, Neb., where the boy was educated in public schools. He attended college at Doane, Neb., for two years and finished his course at Pomona, Cal., where, in addition to his outstanding dramatic work, he was a star tennis player. During the summer he played in productions given at the Hollywood Playhouse. After signing his studio contract Taylor completed the remaining months of his college course and graduated with a Liberal Arts degree. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio he went into training for screen work and now that he has begun to get good parts, is being groomed for stardom. His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He plays the cello and the piano, owns a collie dog and his hobby is collecting different types and colors in sweaters. He owns about fifty of them. His pet aversion is black cats, and he is a firm believer in hunches. Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is not married, but is much in demand. After "Murder in the Fleet" he will be seen in "Broadway Melody." Write him at the M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif., and for 25 cents he'll send you a photograph. (Note to all readers: 25 cents is the price usually asked by the stars for their photographs. This is to defray mailing costs.)

HOWARD D. RICHARDSON, Haddon Heights, N. J.—The part of Louise Beaver's daughter in "Imitation of Life" was played by Freddie Washington, a negress. She did a marvelous bit of acting in that piece, and certainly deserves a good part in the near future although none are scheduled for her as yet.

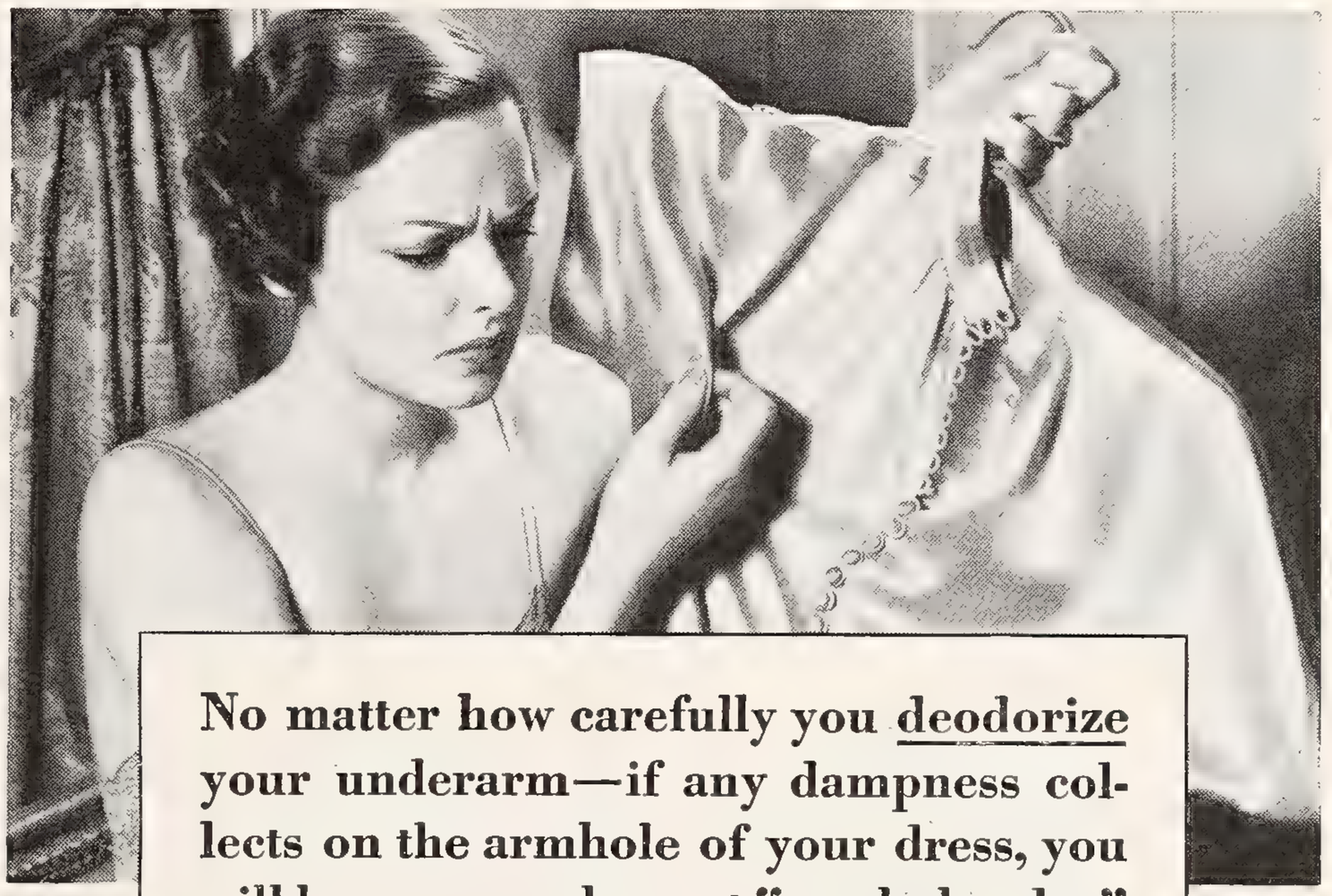
INFORMATION DESK,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of .....in your department.

Name .....

City..... State.....

Tonight... make this "ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST



No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will have an unpleasant "armhole odor"

FAILURE TO SCORE a social success cannot always be attributed to a lack of personality. Often it is due to a condition that makes even sincere admirers turn away.

No matter how sure you are of yourself, make this simple test. Tonight when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole. That stale, musty "armhole odor" may be an unpleasant surprise.

Perhaps you thought you were sweet and dainty because you were using a cream or stick deodorant. But these easy-to-use preparations do only *half* the work needed. They deodorize, but they are not made to keep that little closed-in hollow of your underarm *dry*.

No Quick and Easy way!

THERE is no quick and easy method to prevent "armhole odor." When you *deodorize only*, moisture still collects on the armhole of your dress. And every time you put on that dress, the warmth of your body will bring out a stale, unpleasant perspiration odor. Women who want to be sure not to offend have learned always to take the extra minutes needed to keep the underarm sweet and completely *dry*—with Liquid Odorono.

Entirely Safe...

YOUR doctor will tell you that closing the pores in the small underarm area is absolutely harmless. Odorono gently draws the pores together and diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of your body where it quickly evaporates without giving offense.

With Odorono, you are entirely free from "armhole odor." You can be really unself-conscious—your most charming self. You need never again wear hot, bulky dress shields or be humiliated by wrinkled blouses or stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby Colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. If you want to insure complete daintiness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—*with 8¢*

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8E5, 191 Hudson Street, New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Modern Screen's Movie Scoreboard

(*Continued from page* 53)

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Let 'Em Have It (United Artists)	3★				3★	3★	2½★			3½★				
Let's Live Tonight (Columbia)	2★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	1★	2½★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★
Life Begins at Forty (Fox)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Limehouse Blues (Paramount)	2★	1★	1★	2★		1★		2★		2★	2★		2★	2★
The Little Colonel (Fox)	3★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	3½★	3★	3½★	4★	3★	4★		3★	3★
Little Men (Mascot)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	3½★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★				2★
The Little Minister (RKO)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Living on Velvet (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
Love in Bloom (Paramount)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★			1½★	2★
The Man Who Knew Too Much (G-B)	3★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	2★	3★			3★	3★
The Man Who Reclaimed His Head (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	4★	2★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Mark of the Vampire (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3½★	2½★	2½★	3★	1½★	2★		3★	2★
Maybe It's Love (Warners)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★		2★	2★	2★
McFadden's Flats (Paramount)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★		2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★
Men of Tomorrow (London Films)	2★	2★	1★			1★	1★	½★		1½★			2★	1½★
The Mighty Barnum (20th Century)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Mississippi (Paramount)	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	3★
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★			2½★	2★
Murder in the Clouds (First National)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	3★	4★			3★	3★
Murder on a Honeymoon (RKO)	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
My Heart is Calling (Gaumont-Brisith)	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	2½★	3★
My Song for You (Gaumont-British)	3★	2½★	3★	3★		3★	3★	2½★		2½★			2½★	3★
The Mysterious Mr. Wong (Monogram)	1★	1★		2★		1★		2★		2★			2★	
The Mystery of Edwin Drood (Universal)	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★		3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★
Mystery Woman (Fox)	2★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	3★	4★			2★	2★
Naughty Marietta (M-G-M)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★
A Night at the Ritz (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	1★	2★	2★	1★	1½★		2★		2★	1½★	2★
The Night Is Young (M-G-M)	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			2★	2★
Night Life of the Gods (Universal)	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★
A Notorious Gentleman (Universal)	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★			2★	3★
The Nut Farm (Monogram)	2★	2★		2★			2★	2½★		2★		2★	2½★	2★
One More Spring (Fox)	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
The Painted Veil (M-G-M)	4★	3★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	3★	3★	4★	2★	3★	2★	3★
The People's Enemy (RKO)	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★			1★	2★
The Perfect Clue (Majestic)	2★		2★	2★		2★		2★	2★	2★			2★	2★
The President Vanishes (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	3★	5★	5★			4★	5★
Princess O'Hara (Universal)	3★	2★	2★	3★	2½★		2½★	3★	3★	2½★		2★	2★	3★
The Private Life of Don Juan (United Artists)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★			3★	3★
Private Worlds (Paramount)	4★	3½★	4★	4★	3★	2½★	4★	3★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Reckless (M-G-M)	3★	1½★	2★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★		2½★	3★
Red Hot Tires (First National)	2★	2★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★		2★	2★	2★
The Right to Live (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	4★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★
Roberta (RKO)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★
Romance in Manhattan (RKO)	4★	3★	3★	4★	3★	4★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Ruggles of Red Gap (Paramount)	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	5★	4★	5★	5★	5★		5★	5★
Rumba (Paramount)	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★
The Scarlet Pimpernel (United Artists)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★		4★	4★
The Scoundrel (Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount)	5★	4½★	4★	5★	3½★	5★	5★	3★	4★	5★		5★	4★	4★
The Secret Bride (Warners)	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Sequoia (M-G-M)	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
Shadow of Doubt (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★		2½★	2½★	1½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	2½★	3★
A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield)	1★	1½★	1★	2★	2★	2★	1★	2★	2★	2½★			2★	2★
The Silver Streak (RKO)	3★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★
Six-Day Bike Rider (Warners)	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	3★	3★			2★	3★
Society Doctor (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	2★	3★

Name of Picture and Company	Modern Screen	N. Y. Times	N. Y. Herald Tribune	N. Y. American	N. Y. Evening Journal	N. Y. Post	N. Y. Sun	N. Y. Daily News	N. Y. Daily Mirror	World-Telegram	Chicago Herald-Examiner	Los Angeles Examiner	Variety	General Ratings
Star of Midnight (M-G-M)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★		3★	3★
Sweet Adeline (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★		3★	3★
Sweet Music (Warners)	3★	3★	3★	4★	4★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	4★		4★	4★	3★
Times Square Lady (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★			2½★	2★
Transient Lady (Universal)	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★	2★
Traveling Saleslady (Warners)	2★	2★	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★	2★		3★	3★	2★
The Triumph of Sherlock Holmes (Gaumont-British)	2★	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★		2½★	2½★	2½★				2★
Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)	3★	1★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	3★	2★	2½★	2★			1½★	2★
Under Pressure (Fox)	3★	2★	3★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2½★	2★	3★	3★			3★	3★
Unfinished Symphony (Gaumont-British)	3★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	4★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	4★	3★
Vanessa (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	2½★	3½★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★	2★	3★
The Wandering Jew (Twickenham)	4★	4★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		3★	4★	3★
The Wedding Night (Sam Goldwyn)	3★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
We Live Again (20th Century)	3★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	3★	4★	4★	4★	3★
The Werewolf of London (Universal)	2★	2½★	2★	2½★	2½★		3★	2½★	3★		3★	3★	2★	2★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★	2½★	2★	3★	3★	2★		2½★	2★	2★		2★	3★	3★
West Point of the Air (M-G-M)	3★	2½★	3★	2½★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2½★	3★
When a Man's a Man (Fox)	2★	2½★	2½★	3★		2½★		2½★	3★	2½★			2★	2★
While the Patient Slept (First National)	2★	1★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★		2½★	2½★	1★		2★	2★	2★
The White Cockatoo (Warners)	2★	2★	3★	4★	2★	2★	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	3★	2★	2★
The White Parade (Fox)	4★		3★		3★	3★	4★	3½★		4★			4★	3★
The Whole Town's Talking (Columbia)	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	3½★	4★	3½★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★	4★
A Wicked Woman (M-G-M)	3★	3★	2★	2★	3★		2★	2★		3★		3★	2★	2★
Wings in the Dark (Paramount)	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	2★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★	3★
The Winning Ticket (M-G-M)	2★	2½★	3★	2★	2★	2½★	2½★	2½★	3★	2★	3★	2★	2½★	2★
The Woman in Red (Warners)	2★	2½★	2★	3★	2½★	2★	2★	2★	2★	2★		2★	2★	2★



for baby
SHAKER COOKING



Wonderful new Gerber process gives Baby finer, fresher-tasting

Strained Vegetables

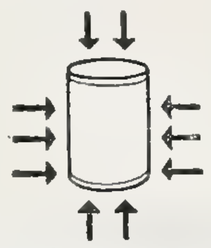
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They're cooked a new way, developed by Gerber after two years of research. Shaker-Cooking *stirs* the foods 140 times a minute, as they steam-cook in the sealed cans. It takes as little as 15 minutes for thorough heat distribution this way. By methods in general use, it would take 4 times as long and the food on the outer edges would be much overcooked and far less appetizing.

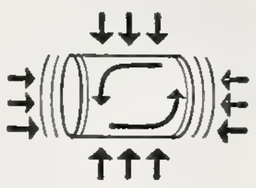
Now, with Shaker-Cooking, every particle is evenly cooked, finer-flavored, brighter-colored . . . *better than ever for Baby.*

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In ordinary canning, food nearest heat is overcooked before that in center is sterilized.



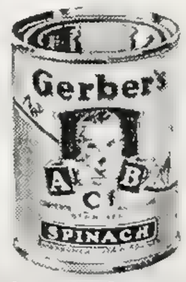
Gerber Shaker-Cookers stir the food while cooking—cutting cooking time 60%—cooking every particle evenly.

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Keeping Cool

(*Continued from page 50*)

it is a perfect way to dress up a last summer's evening gown with but slight expense.

I ALWAYS love to talk to some of the younger stars about their clothes. Not long ago I had quite a chat with pretty, young Rochelle Hudson. And if you think Rochelle has namby-pamby fashion theories, you are wrong. She's one young girl with decided views as to her likes and dislikes. She hates ingenue clothes, but on the other hand, she doesn't go in for slinky, sophisticated trappings either.

Here is an idea of what she likes to wear best. She loves shirtwaist dresses, pajamas (of the tailored, slacks type) and she adores anything piqué. She doesn't like bathing suits—and this is amazing when you notice what a charming figure she has. Light blues, natural color and pastels are favorite colors. She prefers not to wear white because she thinks it is impractical and does nothing for her coloring. Rochelle has hazel eyes and dark hair, with the sort of skin poets go dotty about.

Rochelle doesn't like evening gowns that have too flaring skirts. She thinks they tend to shorten her and give a girly-girl look. Her pet evening gown, which she dragged out like a fond mother showing her nicest child, is a soft gray crêpe made very slender and with a cascade of pink ruffles down the back of it. Over this goes a pink silk piqué jacket with a peplum flare to it.

"I really don't like clothes, you know," Rochelle told me as she dragged out one attractive costume after another. "I hate puffs and ruffles and if I get a dress that I really like, I wear it till it drops off! Like this one I have on—truly, it is three years old and Mother simply dies every time I put it on."

THE dress was a simple navy blue affair with white vestee. Rochelle said she changed it every season with a new vestee and cuffs. Actually, though, I think she does like clothes very much. Certainly her large and attractive wardrobe would indicate it—unless, of course, her mother makes her dress the part of a smart young star. When you think being a young star like Rochelle is the only life, just let this statement from Rochelle give you pause for thought. She had to test ninety-seven different costumes for her role in "Imitation of Life!" Every one was tried on and inspected by the director, who can't tell what a gown will look like in a scene merely from seeing the designer's sketch. Finally, only three costumes were used, and one of these, which had been selected in a Los Angeles store and had been returned, had to be bought back from a customer who had taken it upon its first rejection from the studio. Does that sound like a snap existence to you? No wonder Rochelle says she doesn't like clothes!

To get back to this business of being cool. If you have leisure time for hot days, you can relax in clothes like those shown on page 50.



The Ralph Forbes (she's Heather Angel, y'know) and the Robert Youngs at the Beverly-Wilshire. Isn't Bob the devoted husband?

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN relaxes in the sun at home. Her rough linen dress has a divided skirt and a deep backline for sunning. It is pale yellow, while her brimmed hat is bright red to match the woven lacings of her barefoot sandals.

Temperatures soaring outside, hot studio lights beating down inside, couldn't possibly faze Pat Paterson in her airy negligee of satin candy-striped chiffon. It is the perfect thing to put on when you arrive home both hot and tired. It has enough formality to appear as a charming dinner costume at home—it is so light and sheer that it couldn't make you feel anything but cool. The shirred shoulders topping the full sleeves are a nice detail, as is the pleated collar. Pat's hair tied back with a little bow is an attractive way to keep your hair off your forehead on a hot day.

All you have to do is to mention Mona Barrie's name to any of the Fox designers and they are off! They may disagree privately as to the length skirts should be, or the line of a new sleeve—but when it comes to Mona they are unanimous in their vote for her chic! I was talking only yesterday to Miss Templeton, one of the Fox designers who had been abroad for three months. She said that Mona Barrie is a joy to design for because she not only wears clothes well, but she has an innate flair for smartness. She added that she dresses as smartly in private life as she does on the screen. Miss Templeton, by the way, is the young lady who achieved designing fame when she was Ann Harding's private secretary. She had designed clothes before going with Ann but had not told Ann anything about it. And it wasn't until Ann came upon her one day, scribbling sketches on the telephone pad as she phoned, that Ann discovered she was very clever. From that time on, Ann let her design more and more of her personal wardrobe until finally, she became so good that she started off on a career of her own and achieved success in a short time.

BUT back to Mona. René Hubert designed this charming linen jacket costume she is wearing on page 50. It shows a peasant influence with its contrasting appliques on the pockets of both the jacket and the dress. Coarse blue and white linen are used in clever contrast for both the dress and jacket. And her hat is felt and the same linen in similar contrast effect. Note the barbaric bracelet on Mona's arm.

Carole, spending all her spare moments beside her pool, wears a typically smart Lombard costume. Her navy blue and white polka dotted shorts are topped by a long white linen coat which has revers of the print. Her hat is white leghorn with a navy band.

And for a last refreshing fillip to our pictures, we offer you Kathleen Burke, flowers in her arms, and quite the coolest and loveliest looking thing in pale pink dotted Swiss. Kathleen uses this as a sort of super garden party frock, but it would be just the thing for your country club parties all summer. Notice that her hair is curled high on her head, further adding to the summery and very desirable cooling effect.

If you have any fashion questions you wish to ask me, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request. Write to Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Fletcher's Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative every child takes willingly!



And that's *very* important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Fletcher's Castoria is the right laxative for children . . .



Here's another:

Fletcher's Castoria is designed *just for* a child's system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause griping pain. It is gentle but thorough. And it is not habit-forming.



Whenever your youngster needs a laxative—from babyhood until 11 years old—turn to Fletcher's Castoria. Look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*. And save money—buy the family-size bottle.

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No Success as a Playboy

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Ah," murmured Bill, as he was just getting up one afternoon at half past three, "this is the life. It's wonderful! I'll never go back to Hollywood."

The people—they were grand. They knew he was a movie star but it didn't impress them much. They accepted him, not because he was famous, but because he was a good sport and so obviously fitted into their way of living. And a luxurious living it was—a quick dip in the ocean, a stiff game of tennis, a couple of drinks, a wonderful, well-planned dinner and then, as evening settled, the inevitable hunt for romance. And the finding of same.

There were no crowds of autograph hounds following him wherever he went. In just a few weeks, it seemed, he had stopped being a movie actor and had become a playboy. Well, he had earned the right to live as he chose. This was real living—carefree, leisurely, mad living. Hollywood could go and jump in the lake.

IT was grand for several months. And then, at a party one night, he met a boy about twenty-four or five whom Bill liked very much. They began to talk. Bill asked the boy what he did. For answer he got a look of amazement. "I mean," Bill explained, "what's your job." "Job?" "Well, your career, then," Bill amended.

The boy laughed. "Oh, I haven't any."

"But what do you plan to do?" Bill persisted.

"Why should I plan to do anything?" the lad asked, and called for another drink.

Bill thought about that and it was particularly amazing in the light of the fact that he had been told that this boy, who was a real German baron, was practically penniless. Yet there he was, at twenty-four, without a job or without any plans for getting one.

Bill could not help but think of himself at twenty-four, and much younger, playing in miserable theatres, changing shows every week in a stock company, working like a dog to earn the right to enjoy life. And here was this boy, veritably living off the bounty of others, without the faintest idea that he owed himself — and the world—some obligation.

Bill strolled out on the beach and thought, for the first time since he had been on the Riviera, about Hollywood and all its hard working people, its people who had pulled themselves up by their boot-straps, who very truly were fulfilling their obligations.

He went back to the party. No, he had sworn he was going to retire. Damn it, he had retired! He wouldn't think morbidly. Hollywood could go and jump in the lake.

But during the next few weeks he had to face the fact that he was being bored by the Riviera. He told himself over and over again that he had no desire at all to go back to work. All he needed was a change of scene and he tried to put out of his mind the fact that when he came to the Riviera he thought it was the gar-



Handsome trio! Frank Shields (tennis champ, now with M-G-M), Jean Parker and Robert Taylor, after a game of ping pong.

den spot of the world and that he should never leave it.

He and a group of his friends decided that they would tour the chateau country. In a smart French car they began the journey through that magic country where tradition practically hangs from the branches of the trees.

Bill learned a great deal on that trip. He learned what wines wouldn't travel, he learned at just what temperature champagne should be, he learned exactly what an eight course French meal should contain. But he didn't see the chateaux!

HE ate and drank his way through that miraculous country. It was really silly, his companions told him, to bother with the chateaux when there were so many entrancing restaurants and so many delightful bars.

And perhaps it was better that Bill didn't look at the chateaux. They might have reminded him of movie sets. And they might have reminded him that people had worked to build them, that skilled craftsmen had designed and executed the magnificent tables, chairs and tapestries they contained. And it might have occurred to him that in these palaces had lived people who, at one time, had done the world's work.

Yes, it was better to eat and drink and be merry. But Bill couldn't be merry for long. He could not crowd these thoughts out of his mind and one morning—or afternoon, rather—when one of his friends banged on his door and said it was time to get up and have a cocktail, Bill said he couldn't come along, that he had a lot of packing to do and that he had to see about getting his ticket on the boat that was to take him home.

At first, of course, they didn't believe him. And he did not try to make them understand that a man who has worked as hard as Bill had must keep on working if he is to stay alive. He could not tell them that this sort of living was all very well for a few months' good time but that it could not fill a man's life, that if it were made his entire career, madness was ahead. It was better to leave these things unsaid. Bill knew them now and that was enough.

When they saw he was in earnest about returning they gave him a marvelous farewell party. It lasted for days and Bill was passing the Azores—or some odd place like that—when he actually realized that he was on his way "home" and glad of it.

And that was how Bill Powell became a playboy—and then stopped being one to return to work. He is glad he made the experiment. He is perfectly content now. Studio grief? Of course, he has plenty of it. Early morning calls? Every day when he's working. Long, hard hours under the lights? You bet! And Bill complains and grumbles as everybody on any job always does. But he had to come back. The life of a wealthy, retired motion picture actor living on the Riviera could never be complete. Bill has always been a working man. "And I'll always have to be," he said, "so don't be surprised in the next ten or fifteen years when you see an old bearded character man doddering before the camera, if he looks like me. It will *be* me. Any job gets on your nerves. But any job is better—and take it from one who knows—than no job at all."

I Want To Talk About My Baby

(*Continued from page 32*)

back at him. Imagine a baby laughing at five months, three days, and five hours old! It's almost unprecedented. And he says, 'Ma-ma' and 'Da-da,' too! Of course that's all he *can* say yet, but he says that all day long. Starting at about five in the morning. . . .

"Oh, of course he wakes us at five in the morning. And we love it! It used to be that we most often were going to sleep at five—whereas we now wake up at five. Oh, *no!* We never argue about who's going in to see if he's all right. We both get up and go in. Why, I wouldn't miss a minute of my baby—not those I don't have to miss. It's bad enough being away from him at the studio all day long. When I'm working, I always play with him from five to six in the morning. Then I have to get dressed and have breakfast, to be at the studio by seven-thirty. Then, when I get home at five-thirty in the evening, I have a half hour more with him before he goes to bed.

WHEN I brought him home from the hospital, we put him in the downstairs nursery which we had fixed up for him. But we didn't like being so far away from him, so George and I slept downstairs on the couch for a while. But that was a bit inconvenient, because our things still had to be kept upstairs. Now we're having the house remodeled so that the nursery can be right near us.

"Wait till I tell you about the room we are fixing for him now! It's a regular college boy's room, only on a small scale. I've ordered a miniature desk for him, with a miniature world globe on it. On the wall there will be college pennants, only scaled down, of course. And you know those silly signs that college boys always collect and hang on their walls. Well, we're having some of those made now, in miniature. One is a 'Don't Disturb!' sign. Another says, 'Men at Work.' You know . . . crazy things like that. Everything is going to be exactly like a college boy's room, only in baby size . . . even down to the pictures of girls that are always pasted around. Only I've cut out the grown-up girls' faces, and pasted little-girl faces in, instead!"

Husband George Barnes joined us at that moment, and, putting in his two cents, worth, said, "Yes, and when he grows up, he probably won't even want to go to college!"

"It won't matter. He's going to do and be just what he wants. We're not going to run his life for him. We agreed on that, didn't we, George?"

"Yes, only it would be a shame for him to become a plumber or something like that, since we gave him a middle name."

"Yes," Joan explained. "He's not just to be Norman Barnes. It's Norman *Scott* Barnes. I think three names always sound so much more important—like George *Jean* Nathan, you know."

In case you haven't heard . . . little Norman was named after Norman Foster (Claudette Colbert's ex-husband). Norman has always been one of Joan's and George's very best friends. And he is their baby's godfather.

"George didn't want the baby to be named after himself, because George is a Junior, and to have three George Scott



—I don't give swimming all the credit for my good health. I took a high dive into the diet problem, too. That's why Shredded Wheat is my favorite at breakfast—it helps build up lots of quick energy."

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Why?

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Barnes would really be too much for any family tree. Besides I think it's a good idea to give a baby a fresh start in life by giving him a new name.

"Even if Norman had been a girl, we were only going to give her my name as a middle name. The first name would have been Georgia. Georgia Joan Barnes."

Before the baby was born, Mr. Barnes presented his wife with a beautiful bassinet for the baby. On it was a card which read, "To my baby, from your baby, for our baby!" Darn clever, these cameramen.

"And I've been getting presents ever since," Joan went on. "Having a baby really has other inducements, in addition to the baby itself. Look what George gave me the day the baby arrived!" Proudly she showed me the bracelet she was wearing on her arm.

IT was a charm bracelet (a fad which has become quite popular in Hollywood). But, instead of having odd and incidental charms hanging on it, the charms on this bracelet tell the complete story of the Blondell-Barnes romance. First, there are two tiny, diamond-studded hearts, welded together, that hang from the bracelet. Next, there is a miniature engagement ring. Then a diamond wedding circlet. Then a diminutive house. And last, but not least, a stork on the wing. The whole happy story in a bracelet! (Of course, there's nothing sentimental about these two.)

Then—the latest present—is a set of two beautiful bracelets which George had given her only that day. "Because I've been such a good girl," said Joan, beaming.

"No," said George, "because you let me photograph your new picture." (It's "Broadway Gondolier," by the way.)

"Oh well, it doesn't matter what for, only I think you're foolish to give me presents in between times, when we have so many more things to celebrate, now that the baby is here. There's Mother's Day—I can hardly wait for that—and Father's Day, and all the baby's birthdays, besides. It doesn't seem like enough!

"Did George tell you about the toy train apparatus that he's building for the baby? At least he *claims* it's for the baby . . . but I have my doubts. It's laid out in the cellar, miles and miles of tracks, it seems, and real trestles and bridges, and tunnels, and what not. And one of the most beautiful engines that you have ever seen. The same people who built the toy train exhibition at the World's Fair last year, are building ours. Of course it's a bit difficult on my nerves . . . the whistles shrieking and the house shaking as the train goes around the curves and all that. But the worst thing is that George spends half his time in the cellar now. I have to yell down the drain pipe to get him to come up to dinner.

"Oh, and the play yard! Wait till you see it! We're putting in a miniature tennis court, a small handball court—everything like a real gymnasium. Of course, he won't be able to play those games for a little while, though, at the rate he's going, it won't be long now.

WE haven't taken any movies of Normie yet . . . though we take snapshots of him every Sunday. They're all pasted into his baby book. And speaking of books, you have no idea how many there are, written on child psychology. I'm studying it as thoroughly as I can, and read every book I can lay my hands on . . .

"You know, there's a school at the University of Southern California where they take children as young as two and three years. They don't teach them anything, of course, except how to play . . . which is important, in itself. And they teach them good sportsmanship, and unselfishness.

"One of the things they do, for example, is to give a child a toy he likes very much, and then, just as he is about to start playing with it, the teacher says, 'Now dear, why don't you give that to Mary? I'm sure she would like to have it.' Great idea, I think. When Normie gets a little older we may enter him there—though I'm trying to practise some of their methods at home, right now."

At last I did get a word in edgewise. "All these books and modern theories on bringing up children, say something about *not* talking baby-talk to children, don't they?"

Joan tried awfully hard to hide a smile.

I dared to go on. "They say you shouldn't talk baby-talk to babies, or that is the first language they'll learn—thereby delaying their instruction in proper English. *You* don't talk baby-talk to *your* baby, do you?"

Now Joan was really grinning. "Oh, you can't help it, once in a while!" she admitted!



Charlotte Dunsdee, Vic McLaglen and Lucille Pinson at the Ambassador Lido opening. Vic is still taking bows for his fine performance in "The Informer."

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 58*)

luck and had to take a job in a restaurant. There, Dorothy Dell, who had been her best friend and her roommate in New York, discovered her and shortly thereafter persuaded Paramount that what Zee didn't know about charm just wasn't in the book and that the studio would reap a reward if they put her in charge of training the younger players to have poise. For a year, now, that's been her job. And these are her poise secrets, which she passes on to you gladly.

"WALKING naturally and gracefully is an art," she says, "and often has to be acquired. It is very important in gaining poise. Here's the routine that I've found works best of all.

"Place shoulder, head, hips and heels close against the wall. If you start out in this position, you cannot help but walk gracefully and correctly, as the arms will have a natural, easy swing.

"Then place a basket containing anywhere from one to three books on your head. If your posture is fair to start with, you'll need only one book. If you stoop badly, use three. Now walk across the floor ten times, keeping the basket steady on top of your head.

"Correct posture while sitting is important to the amateur as well as to the professional dramatic student. If you let the hips touch the back of the chair at all times, you cannot help but sit properly.

"You should never cross your legs while sitting. The feet should be flat on the floor, with one foot slightly extended. It may be the right or the left foot, depending upon which is the more natural position. In this way it is perfectly easy to rise from your chair and it is one of the little tricks of stage technique which all professionals use. Try it.

"And now for your hands. I have found that dancing is the best method of enabling you to become unconscious of your hands. The best dance for this purpose is the Hawaiian dance. Begin by sitting on the floor and imitating the hand movement of the Hawaiian dancer. It is the old childhood game of 'Peas Porridge Hot,' but instead of holding the hands stiff when patting the knees and making the outward movement, keep your hands flexible at the wrist.

"For the body and the feet, the waltz and the two-step, done properly in the old-fashioned way, are excellent. You may practise this dancing alone, using your arms gracefully as you dance, and dropping into a little curtsey at the end.

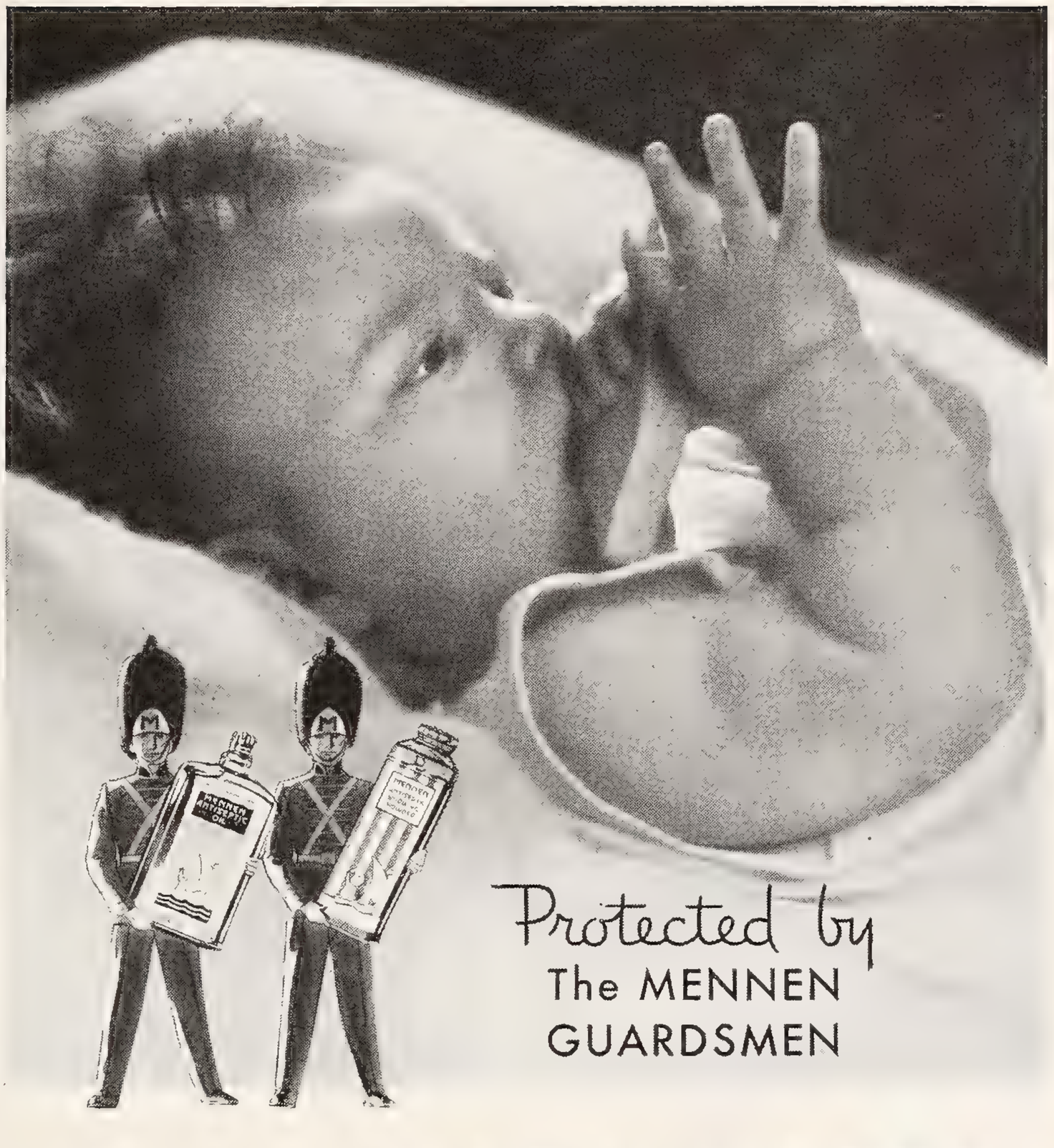
"But in order to have perfect poise and charm you must have complete control of your body and that can be had by doing simple exercises. I'm going to give you the ones most necessary. Start out gradually at first and add more and more as you go along.

"Bend from the waist and allow the palms of the hands to touch the floor. Do not try to do this the first time. Work up to it easily and gradually.

"Place the hands a little below the hips and twist the body around from left to right in a complete circle. Then from right to left.

"Place the hands on the hips. Bring first one knee and then the other up as high as possible for ten counts. Then repeat, bringing the knees up from the side.

"Place hands on hips and bend backwards



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"Then, you will be following the modern scientific method of protecting and caring for the baby's skin.

"More than half of all the hospitals important in maternity work now give their babies a complete body-rub, from head to foot, at least once a day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. These hospitals have proved that it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and that it keeps baby *safer*—'bathed in protection'—guarded against many infections. Thousands and thousands of doctors recommend it, advising that the daily oil-rubs be continued during at least baby's diaper age. So, mother, follow this recommendation for your darling's greater safety.

"Then, when you gradually discontinue the daily antiseptic oil-rubs, dust baby's body with the baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's a superfine baby powder—prevents chafing—makes the skin satiny smooth—temptingly lovely—and, in addition, it's *antiseptic*. It continues to protect the skin against germs—as does the oil.

"Now—try these safeguards—at my expense—free. For your baby's greater safety and happiness, send me the coupon below."

W. G. Mennen



Constant research under the personal direction of W. G. Mennen steadily adds to your baby's safety.

free

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. M-8
345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.
Send me free trial sizes of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. Also Baby Chart—about the modern care of baby's skin.

_____

_____
(Print Plainly.)





Bill Cagney and wife, Boots Mallory, Phil Regan with Josephine Dwyer, and Jim Cagney Brown-Derby-ing.

ten times. Then forward ten times.

"Stretch the hands downward as far as possible, touching the right hand to the left toe and vice versa.

"Lie flat on the floor and kick the legs up one at a time. Now lie flat on the stomach and kick backward over your head ten times.

LIE flat on your back and brace the hips with the hands and elbows, keeping the legs straight. Bend knees and start into a bicycle exercise moving faster and faster.

"Lie on the left side and kick upwards with the right leg. Alternate.

"Place hands on back of chair, turning sideways. Kick outward with the leg as far as possible. Alternate.

"Now run around the room three or four times in the manner of a professional sprinter with the arms and legs moving violently. This gives a natural swing to the body.

"These exercises should be taken for an hour each day, preferably before eleven A. M. And when you have complete control of your body, you will not need to envy anyone poise and grace.

"But, above all, remember always to be yourself. Don't try to imitate anyone else, no matter how attractive that person is. Capitalize on your good qualities and try to correct the bad, but don't lose your own personality. After all, it is that quality which in the long run constitutes charm."

Well, there you are! I think that is grand and most practical advice from Zee Silvonia. Certainly, she answers all the questions you raised this month. But if there are any more just step right up and ask them. Address your letters to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., and don't forget that self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. Otherwise I can't answer you.

And now how about forming a dramatic club of your own? All you need to do is follow instructions given on the coupon below. The folks who have really begun their clubs tell me they're having more fun than they ever thought possible. Write and tell me how your club is getting along. And don't hesitate to ask me anything that will help you to gain a thorough knowledge of dramatic art!

Do you want to organize a dramatic club in your own community? Katherine Albert, the director of MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School, has prepared complete, detailed instructions about organizing such a club. Here is an opportunity to have a lot of fun and to do something really worth while. Fill in the information asked for below (please type or print plainly) and send it, with a stamped, addressed return envelope, to Katherine Albert, MODERN SCREEN Dramatic School, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your instructions for organizing a dramatic club.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 17*)

an extravagant number of them. Here's a list of the minimum traveling essentials: Toothbrush, dentifrice, brush and comb, deodorant (both liquid and cream), depilatory, hand lotion, small manicure kit (the ten cent store comes in very handy there), soap, cleansing cream, a good lubricating or nourishing cream, plenty of tissues and cotton squares, a skin freshener, talcum powder, face powder, a loose powder compact with rouge and lipstick, extra lipstick and rouge (both cream and dry), for compacts have a way of slipping out of hand, an eyewash, and your glamorous eye make-up aids tucked safely away as aids to conquests when you arrive. Cretonne bags that are lined with rubber are nice for the washrag and soap, and the breakable bottled cosmetics. Tubes, jars with covers tightly screwed on, and leakproof bottles are essential. I once made an attractive kit out of a candy box that was made to look like a book (you know the kind), and there were certainly a lot of make-up plots concocted out of it that summer. Use your ingenuity!

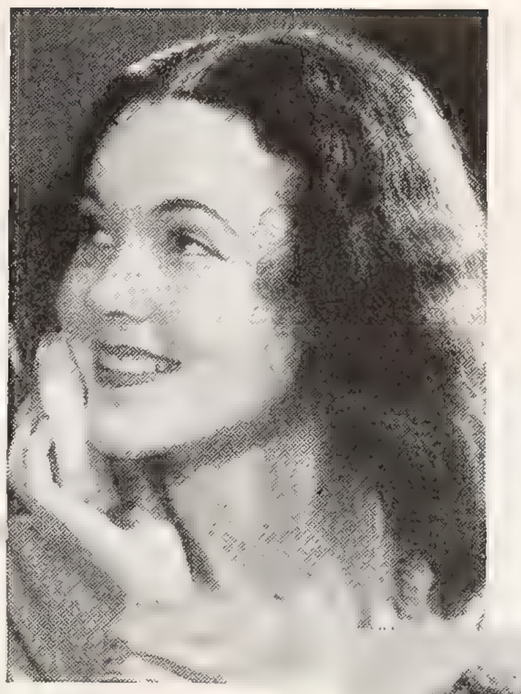
IF you're going to the seaside, there are other important accessories you'll need besides the ones I've mentioned. You'll want a big, roomy, waterproof beach bag for your towels, your sun oil, and so forth. You can make one yourself, but they're very inexpensive to buy. The thing to remember about your beach pursuits is that an ounce of sunburn and freckle prevention is worth a pound of cure, and two pounds of bemoaning to the mirror, "Oh, I'm a wreck. Look at me!" You will need a plentiful supply of protective oil, and for those more dressy occasions on the beach when you don't want to shine with oil, a good foundation cream, and plenty of powder in a darker shade than you generally use. Soapless oil shampoos are slick about keeping your hair from getting as dry as the back of the brush. Carole Lombard told me that they're favorites out in Hollywood. Frequent hot oil treatments are also advisable.

You'll want to give your toes the same attention you do your fingers since they'll be so conspicuous in beach shoes or evening sandals. Get out your manicure kit, and use manicure scissors for trimming the nails, emery board for smoothing the edges, and cake polish or toilet pumice stone to remove any nail ridges. Then apply liquid polish to harmonize with your fingers. However, it is well to avoid bright shades if your feet can't stand too close beauty inspection.

There are two things that I think most vacationers are inclined to neglect—the eyes and the feet. If your feet suffer, your face will suffer. Here's the most refreshing treatment I know of for feet that are worn out from sightseeing, but must go "on with the dance" in the evening. Stop by the corner drugstore and get some Epsom salts, and soak your feet in warm water in which you have dissolved a generous amount of the salts. Then wring out a small hand towel in cold water, wrap it around the feet, and then pass a piece of ice briskly over the feet until they tingle. Dry your feet, dust them with foot powder, and lie flat on the bed for five minutes, placing the pillow under your pedal extremities. This is a routine similar to that followed by the clever Ginger Rogers. You may not be able to dance like Ginger after this treatment, but you will feel like dancing the whole night through.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
in M-G-M's
"Anna Karenina"

Brownette with blue eyes and fair skin ...her color harmony is Max Factor's Rachelle Powder, Blondeen Rouge, Vermilion Lipstick.



JEAN PARKER
in M-G-M's
"Murder in the Fleet"

Brunette with hazel eyes, creamy skin... her color harmony is Max Factor's Brunette Powder, Carmine Rouge, and Carmine Lipstick.

Three M-G-M Stars Tell *the* Make-Up Secret *for Brunettes*

You can double your beauty if you adopt the make-up of Hollywood stars



LOOK in your mirror . . . note that it is color that gives life to your beauty. Think, then, how vitally important color is to your make-up. So, to really create enchanting beauty, colors in face powder, rouge and lipstick must be perfect.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, proved this . . . and originated color harmony make-up for the screen stars and for you. Having famous stars as living models, he created original shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick . . . harmonized color-tones to emphasize the individuality of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

In your very own mirror, you can see what wonders this new kind of make-up will do. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours . . . the rouge imparts a natural blush of color to your cheeks . . . the lipstick brings out the alluring color appeal of the lips. All are in perfect color harmony to accent to the utmost the appealing charm of your personality.

SO make this beauty secret of Hollywood's stars yours, too . . . share the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar; featured by all leading stores.

ELIZABETH ALLAN
in M-G-M's
"Vampires of Prague"

Light Brunette with blue-gray eyes and olive skin...her color harmony is Max Factor's Olive Powder, Carmine Rouge, Carmine Lipstick.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony*



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... FREE.
24-8-92

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
	AGE	

BRIGHT EYE IDEAS



for
by Jane Heath

SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinched up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only $1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.



Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE ($1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!



and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of *looking* natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. $1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. G-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

HERE'S a grand treatment for your eyes, especially after coming in from the beach or after a drive against the sun. Pat a good nourishing eye cream on the eyelids or around the eyes. Then take two small pads of absorbent cotton, soak them in hot water, and lay them lightly over your eyes until they cool. Remove the pads, pat on a bit more cream, and again apply the pads which have been once more saturated in hot water. Lie back in a comfortable chair or on a couch during the cooling process, and relax so that you feel as limp as ZaSu Pitt's hands look. Finish off with a generous splashing of the eyes with cold water. Your eyes will sparkle as happily as your feet will dance that night.

Because we started out this article with a mention of "glamorous" vacations, we're going to make you a glamorous offer. Free for the asking is a special booklet all about the eyes, "Lovely Eyes." It tells you simply everything you've ever wanted to know about eye make-up. Learn the tricks of eye allure, and then maybe "over somebody else's shoulder, he'll fall in love with you" at the dance. Just fill out the coupon and send it in. And remember we're always eager to help you with your beauty problems. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mary Biddle
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the "Lovely Eyes" booklet.

Name.....

Address.....
Street

.....
City State

Three Score Years and Ten

(*Continued from page 39*)

wonders why they didn't show that scene in the picture "Cavalcade."

Such are the memories of C. Aubrey Smith, and perhaps it is having lived in such an age that gives him, today, that fine old-world gallantry, that soldierly bearing, that substantial grip on life. For he lived in a time when the world knew dignity and decorum, when men were brave men or cowards, when women were good or bad.

And so the small C. Aubrey went to school at Charter House in London and, later, to Cambridge. And he was familiar with his father's surgery, to which came, as to an altar of healing, the lame, the halt and the blind, the rich and the poor. To the kindly doctor in his old-fashioned surgery they came, bringing their bruised bodies and their bruised hearts, sure of help and healing. And the tall young C. Aubrey watched and listened and decided that he could never become a doctor—pain was too painful.

Today, he will pause to care for a bird if he finds one wounded. He gives of his time, his purse, his heart to all who come to him for aid. He never leaves his house in the morning that he does not stop to feed with his own hand his birds and cats and dogs.

AND this seems as good a place as any to tell you about a very poignant experience I had in connection with C. Aubrey Smith. The day after I'd lunched with him in his dressing-room on the M-G-M lot I was in the studio again and was told that his valet was very anxious to see me. He did see me. His face was eager. We went into an empty office on the lot and he sat on the edge of his chair, a German, his heart in his eyes, and said: "Please, Madam, I wanted to tell you how wonderful he is. People don't know. I was there, in the next room, while you were interviewing him yesterday. I knew that he wasn't really talking about himself. He never does. He can't.

"He is a very great gentleman, a real gentleman. I have worked for other people, picture people, too, who pretend to be ladies and gentlemen, but Mr. and Mrs. Smith really are. I wish you could know, I wish the world could know, how kind they are. When I had influenza last winter I would wake up out of a fever three or four times a night and find Mr. Smith bending over me, rubbing my chest and back. And he was working at the time, too. He is so kind—and kindness to a servant in your house is the truest kindness of all. Believe me, Madam, I know. I am not married myself, but I often pray to my God that if ever I am, my marriage may be like Mr. and Mrs. Smith's. I have been with them for four years and I have never heard one word in that house that wasn't kind and affectionate. And she always must know when we leave the studio, so that she may have his Scotch and soda for him by the open fire. She is a real wife and he is a real husband. I hope you will forgive me, Madam, and I hope he will, but I had to tell you, so that you could tell the world what a great gentleman he is."

And I do want to tell the world. I also want to add that my eyes were pretty dim when this earnest young German left me, after paying his nervous, secret, painfully sincere tribute to an English gentleman.

AND so, as a young lad in his father's surgery, C. Aubrey knew that he could never endure the sight of constant pain. But he also knew that he would like to minister in some way to the human race, so badly in need of being ministered to. And somehow, curiously, the thought of the theatre came to him, there in that non-theatrical family atmosphere. He doesn't, today, know how or why the idea came to him. Certainly he does not think of it as a "mission in life." He is far too typically and reticently British for anything so florid.

While at Cambridge he became a cricket champion and, later, toured South Africa and Australia with his championship team. And with the tenacity of the man, which shows in every deeply graven line on that fine face, he still plays cricket, here in Hollywood, at the age of seventy-two. He not only plays himself but he has organized teams and clubs, conditioned and reconditioned cricket fields so that Boris Karloff (a friend of his) and Clive Brook and other Englishmen may still know spots "that are forever England."

Also while in Cambridge he went in extensively for amateur theatricals and became a member of the Brighton Greenroom Club. It was to this club that a London manager came one day in the

year 1892 and, as C. Aubrey quaintly phrases it, "invited me to go on the stage."

He said: "One of my most vivid recollections is of the night in my father's surgery when I told him I had accepted that invitation. There was the silence of death in the room where, so often, my father had pronounced sentence of death. And now I was pronouncing it, the death of tradition, of all the things the crusading, doctoring Smiths had stood for. I still recall vividly my father's set face, my mother's shocked eyes, and hear, as though it were yesterday, her voice cry out tremulously, 'But, my boy, what will your sisters do?' The mere thought of two young Victorian maidens having to acknowledge a brother on the stage threatened dire disgrace. But life moves in a mysterious way," laughed C. Aubrey, "because my sisters preceded me on the stage, both of them! At any rate, my parents were, perforce, reconciled to this eccentric exodus of all their children, and I lived to see the day when my father sat in a theatre stall, applauding me and enjoying it hugely."

Most of the great plays of the past generation have carried the name of C. Aubrey Smith on their programs. He used, he says with a quizzical smile, to play the part of "the strong, silent man" a great deal. There were such immortal works as "Bootles' Baby," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Lady Windemere's Fan," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Light That Failed," "Alice Sit By the Fire," with Ellen Terry; "Legend of Leonora," with Maude Adams; "Morals of Marcus," "Hamlet," "The Runaway," with Billie Burke; "The Lie"—plays which cover half a century and call the roll of the most glamorous names in the theatre world.

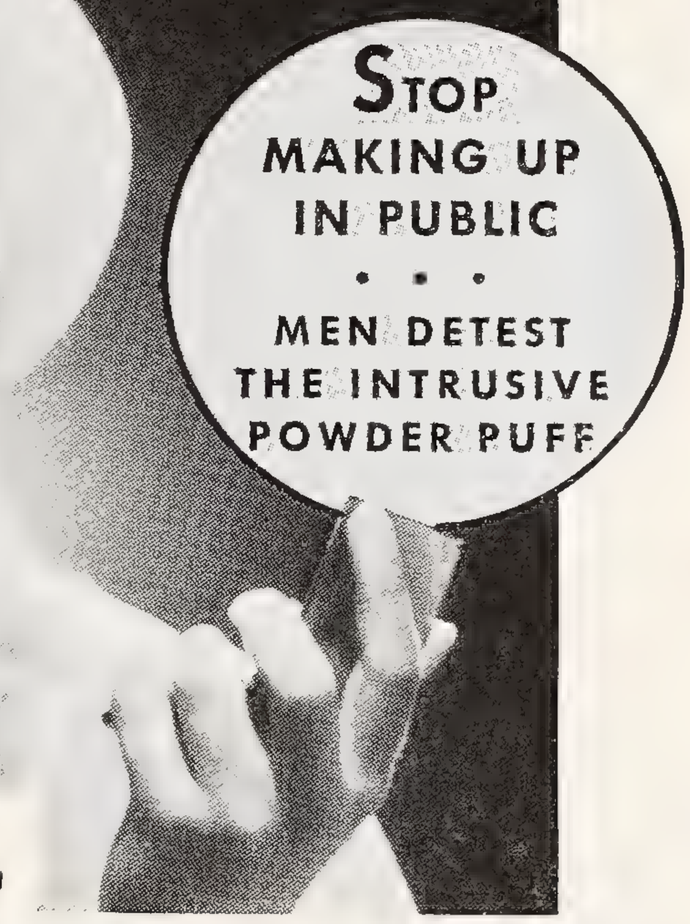
He first came to "The States" in 1895 with Sir John Hare in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith." Then again in 1904 with Forbes-Roberton, playing the Ghost in "Hamlet" and Torpenhow in "The Light That Failed." He loved Boston in those early days, but was homesick in New York. He made his first picture in England in 1915, starring in "Builder of Bridges." Then, after several other English talkies, he came to Hollywood in 1930, under contract to M-G-M, where he repeated his stage role in Marion Davies' picturization of the play, "The Bachelor Father." And he has been here ever since, free-lancing and moving his make-up box from one studio to another.



Jan Kiepura, of "Be Mine Tonight," will thrill you again with his delightful singing in "My Song for You." Aileen Marson is with him in this Gaumont-British production.

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!





Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
STAYS ON ALL DAY



. . . or all night!
Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH

20c • at all 10 cent stores

SAVAGE
DRY ROUGE

REMOVES HAIR
X-BAZIN
CREAM
SIMPLY APPLY—WASH OFF
A HUNDRED YEAR OLD FRENCH FORMULA
GIANT TUBE 50¢ SMALLER TUBE 10¢
DRUG • • DEPT. STORES • • TEN CENT STORES
SAFELY · QUICKLY · SURELY

DISFIGURING SKIN OUTBREAKS
Helped Remarkably By New SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT!



NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is *real* relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms; 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks



Susie Tracy snaps her Daddy on the M-G-M lot. Spencer is doing "The Murder Man" with Virginia Bruce.

A TREASURE-TROVE of memory, this long, long road . . . the memory of Ellen Terry who never could learn lines . . . "none of the Terrys could learn lines," said Mr. Smith, with a tender reminiscent chuckle. "I recall so well when we were rehearsing Sir James Barrie's play, 'Alice Sit By the Fire.' We rehearsed, in those days, from six to eight weeks before we began to be ready. It was winter, I remember, an English winter, raw and cold, and Sir James would sit in front of the house, wrapped to the ears in a great coat and shivering, less from cold than from Ellen's inability to learn her lines. She had a habit of not taking her cues and then, of course, she would improvise a bit and go on. Ah, she was delightful, a delightful woman and a very great artist. At last, toward the end of those rehearsals, she went out to Sir James one day and asked him if he objected to her changing one of his cue lines. Then, for the first and only time during all those weeks did he utter one word. He said: 'I don't care what you say, Madam, but for God's sake say something!'

"And there was the kindness of Bernard Shaw who, of his own volition, cut one of his own plays to fit a program I was producing. We were giving a play called 'Instinct.' He came to see us, was impressed by 'Instinct,' realized that we had to cut somewhere to fit our time and suggested that he cut his own play for us, which he did. An unusual thing for an author to do, so willingly, so graciously. Great artists of all kinds," said C. Aubrey, "are usually temperamental, but they are invariably kind."

He remembers Maude Adams when they played together in "The Legend of Leonora," by Sir James Barrie, in 1912. "An obstinate little creature, she was," smiled C. Aubrey; "something of the schoolmarm about her. She always handed her cast little slips of paper with suggestions for the changing of a line, exactly like a schoolmarm handing out correction slips." And I gathered that Mr. Smith feels that the mystery of Maude Adams and her retirement is no real mystery at all, simply that with the passing of Charles Frohman passed, too, Maude Adams, the Trilby to that kind Svengali.

THEY say in Hollywood that the peak of a star's career is five years. How do you account for—for *you?*" I asked this grand gentleman.

C. Aubrey smiled that deep and tolerant smile of his. He said: "Luck has a lot to do with it. Sheer luck. I have always regarded my part of Torpenhow in 'The Light That Failed' as the most important single event in my career. And that was absolutely luck. I happened to be in a railway station in London one evening, on my way home after a game of golf. Sir Henry Forbes-Robertson and his wife were on the other side of the station, also returning home after golf. He was in the midst of casting for 'The Light That Failed.' He hadn't thought of me. His eye happened to light on me, across the tracks, and he called to me to come and see him. I did. And got the part. I was lucky.

"Luck and the love of what you are doing, these are the two things which make for a long career. And to be kind to those about you—grateful for favors received, earnest about your own part in things, so that people will want you about, will think about you warmly.

"I came to Hollywood and I have stayed here because it seemed to be good business to do so. I am not able to give the full-bodied characters I would like to give, but I enjoy what I do and I can always hope, of course.

WE are building our new home here, my wife and I, and we are taking great pride and pleasure in all of the details. We have many friends and we read and play bridge, and there is cricket . . . We had our home for many years in West Drayton, outside of London, in the vicinity of the fine old home of Oliver Cromwell. Our daughter grew up there. Our lives were rooted there and our memories live there. Then they tore down Cromwell's fine old lichened house and built hideous, semi-detached villas where a monument should have been. The gas station came in—the machine age, which is so convenient and so charmless—and our daughter married and a cycle had passed. The old life was gone and a new life is to be made over here. We are building our new home in Cold Water Canyon here in Beverly Hills, on the gentle crest of a hill because the sun sets so magnificently there—"

"The sun sets magnificently—"

As I shook hands with this grand old-young man of seventy-two, with the raking nose and the piercing gray eyes and the richly beautiful voice, as I wished him "bon voyage" on his trip to England, to be present at the birth of his grandchild, I felt my throat contract a little . . . "The sun sets magnificently . . . "



Edward G. Robinson, Prince Bernadotte, Frank Morgan and Jean Hersholt said, "Down the hatch."

Women Can Be Loyal

(*Continued from page 40*)

"You must have some ambition—"

"What good would ambition do me?" The girl waved crudely manicured hands toward the tiny garage, the only living quarters on the two and a half acres.

"You can work!" Ann said.

"I work here."

"Listen!" Ann grew impatient. "Let's sit down. Do you know who I am?"

The girl shook her head in negation.

"Well, I'm Ann Dvorak. I work in motion pictures. How would you like to work in pictures?"

The girl smiled. A slow smile. One which said, much more plainly than any words, "Don't be ridiculous!"

"I'm serious. I mean it. You are very much more beautiful than I am. You should have your chance. You just can't stay here the rest of your life. You can't! I can't let you. Now, if you'll agree to my proposition I'll help you—"

And that proposition was not easy. It was made more than a year ago. Today—

"You must do exactly as I tell you," Ann ordered. "To take a beautiful girl into Hollywood is a grave responsibility. I shall probably be sorry I did it. Hollywood is no worse than any big city, but it would be a grave responsibility for me to take a beautiful young thing like you into any big city. If I do it, you must be responsible to me. You must tell me every little thing that happens to you. You must remember what you owe me—not because of me but because of you. You will have to work and work hard. You will have to learn everything there is to know—how to wear clothes, take care of your hands, your hair, your face—and, above all, yourself. And you will have to let me show you. I don't know exactly why I'm doing this, but I just can't see anyone as lovely as you spend the rest of her life here."

AND that is how Helene McAdoo became the "stand-in," or double, for Ann Dvorak.

I suppose one would expect the next sentence to say: "And now she's an actress. She's a starlet. She's proven herself to be a dramatic genius—"

But she isn't. And that's what makes this story worth telling. At least, to me. She's still Ann Dvorak's double! Many, many people on the Warner Brothers lot will point her out to you as the most beautiful girl among them. They'll say, "Isn't it a shame they keep her being a double? She's prettier than any star in the business."

She began by dressing with Ann in Ann's lovely star dressing-room. Ann spent weeks teaching her how to put on make-up. Then she went to lines. "Now, Helene, although it will probably be a long time before you speak a line in a picture, you might as well begin to learn them now. I want you to take a script home and learn every word of my part. Then, while we are here in the dressing-room, together, you can say it for me."

Then there were the lessons upon conduct. For long months Ann drove the girl to the studio and took her home each evening. Helene's father, a retired army man, did not want his daughter in motion pictures. He had not wanted her to have dates with boys or take a position in the city. He knew the dangers which confront beauty. It had taken Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton many weeks to persuade this



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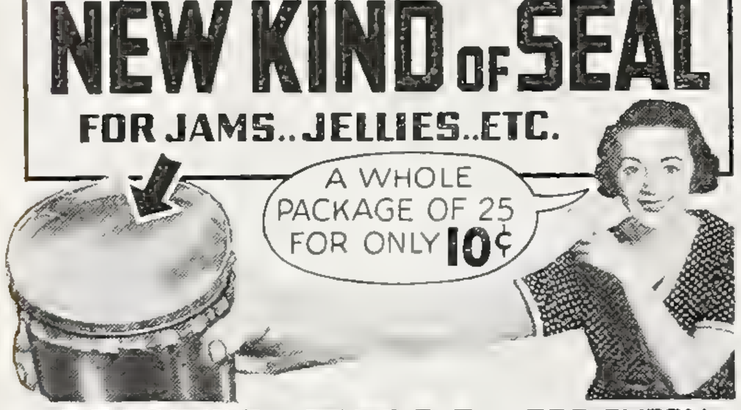
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old-school father that motion pictures might spell opportunity. But when they had guaranteed her protection, he had consented. It was not until she had made five pictures that Ann agreed to her buying even a second-hand Ford and driving without her to the studio.

"There is no more need for a girl to do what is wrong in Hollywood than in any other place," Ann told the father and the girl. And added, to the girl: "It isn't that you would do wrong. But you cannot do two things at once. You cannot fall in love and have a career, too. Not in the beginning. You must make a definite place for yourself in pictures before you can think of husband or home. You are young. You are lovely. It is natural you should want romance. If you haven't the courage to turn it from you now—" Ann shook her head. "Look at the really successful actresses and check up on when they married. Before their first successes or after?"

Helene said she understood. It was easy for her to say that while her eyes looked into Ann's and saw visions of big cars, smart chauffeurs, tiled swimming pools and gleaming evening gowns. It was a simple thing to promise—then.

He was just an extra; socially like herself. He chanced to stand next to her on the set. Ann walked on. Helene turned to him. "Isn't she wonderful? Isn't she lovely? I never knew such a wonderful woman."

An innocent enough habit of this child—talking to anyone who happened to be near when she saw the one who had taken her from a garage on a chicken farm to the modern fairyland, called Hollywood. She always did it.

But he did not look at Ann, as Helene had expected. He looked at her; their eyes met. It was spring. Youth and spring. A combination Mother Nature intended for love.

HELENE did not go out with him. That is, not in the evening. But they did talk. They did have ice cream sodas. They did answer that springtime challenge.

Finally, with hundreds of people around them, he told her, "I love you. You love me—I know it. We must marry. We are only young once. We were made for each other. I am doing well. I shall have a bit in the next picture. You don't need to stop working for Ann; not altogether and not right away."

Then Helene told Ann the whole story. "I love him, Ann. We just couldn't help it. It just happened. What can we do about it?"

I wish we had a record of the talk between these two women—Ann, herself, so few years more than twenty! "I cannot decide this for you, Helene," she said. "It is your life. This crossroad comes to all modern women. Especially does it come to each girl trying to have a success in pictures. You can't do both. Not yet. No one wants you to promise never to marry, women should marry. But will this boy be the man you want, five years from now? If you go on to success, would you pick him? If you fail—" Ann sighed. "No one can promise you success, today. No one knows. You may fail and regret all your life you did not marry when love first whispered—"

Perhaps it is just as well we have no record of that night, when Helene had finished talking with Ann. Back and forth across that scarred linoleum on the garage-house floor. Ambition battling love. New to her, but as old as the stage itself, to those who have played upon it. Should Joan Crawford have married Michael Cudahy? She was little more than a Helene McAdoo when she was forced to the decision. Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper. Ah, we could go on forever. And those who had repudiated love and then failed in ambition? We have no records. They are not important enough to have records because failures are never important.

And the next day, Helene told him: "I do not want you to speak to me again, nor look at me, nor even think about me. I am going to take the chance which luck and Ann Dvorak gave me. I am not going to have even a date for five years. I cannot talk about it. I—I" And she ran to Ann, who understood so well that she did not speak, and she did not try to bring comfort when she knew there could be none immediately.

I TALKED with Helene today, in the little house which was once a garage. She did not know that she is to be put into stock and given lessons. I knew it, but I did not tell her. "In a year maybe," she told me. "I don't suppose anyone knows how much there is to learn about being an actress. Why, it took Ann years and years. Dancing lessons—everything. You just can't think of anything else. I don't know whether I'll ever get there!"

I don't know, either. Even Ann Dvorak doesn't know. She makes no promises. But Joan Crawford didn't know either when she gave Ann Dvorak a position as her stand-in—or Katharine Hepburn when she started Maxine Doyle in the same position.

Helene is Hollywood material in the raw. Her beauty is still as uncompleted as Joan Crawford's was when I first saw her. I can't tell you how stunned I was by the hour I spent with this youngster. Writing about Hollywood for so many years and still I had never realized the truth about our Cinderellas until this experience. Helene *is* a Cinderella. But she cannot become a princess overnight as even I, an old hand, had been accustomed to believe.

Perhaps I can explain best by saying, I went from Ann Dvorak's home to Helene's. Ann was in tennis shorts, eating breakfast. But even in shorts there was a glint, a polish, a smoothness about her that made you wonder if your own collar was quite straight and your shoes looked shined. And there was a poise, a control of muscles, expression, even *attitude* which made you sit a little straighter while you drank your cup of coffee. Of course, I didn't realize all this then. The poise, the smoothness, the lacquer was so natural that your reaction to it was equally normal. But it was only when I sat before Helene and watched the nervous little gestures of her hands, the self-conscious pitching of her voice, the obvious effort at ease that I understood about Hollywood Cinderellas. Every star I knew (who had not come from the stage) had been like that once. One after another they flitted across my memory. Ann, herself, when I first interviewed her. And she had finished "Scarface," too, and was the graduate of a boarding school; Jean Harlow, when I first saw her and she was divorcing a millionaire; Joan Crawford, with Broadway success to her credit; Norma Shearer, before stardom caught up with her. And suddenly I knew that polish is not natural but acquired. That stardom is not accidental but accomplished. That fame is not a come-hither proposition but the result of learning to wear well a golden slipper. And I knew that Helene McAdoo had told me a true story of Hollywood. If she can follow Ann's advice to the letter, and does not weaken in five years, she will have become a true Hollywood Cinderella. Today she is only one, a very lovely one, in the making.

Good News

(*Continued from page 55*)

Dick Powell would appreciate having that price tag removed with which Hollywood has labelled him, after acclaiming his as the biggest snap in the marriage market. Nor is Dick trying to strut the Prince of Wales stuff. He "jest ain't interested." And that's that.

That house he built lately set plenty of tongues wagging, but Dick claims that was just for the amusement of his friends. Well, it's plenty amusing. There's a disappearing wall in his library where Dick always serves drinks. He then distracts his guests' attention while the wall is rolled back, books and all. It's a swell way of economizing on liquor for the second round of drinks is invariably passed up.

■ ■ ■

Herbert Marshall revels in the role of strong, silent man on the screen. And non-pictorially, Mr. Marshall is still strong—but noisy; as evidenced by the rumpus he created in the Biltmore Theatre lobby, not so long ago. With Miss Gloria Swanson on his arm, he was beating a hasty retreat from the theatre, attempting a Garbo on the camera sleuths. He had outwitted 'em, all and just reached the door in safety, when one eagle-eyed photographer spied the couple, aimed his trusty weapon and shot. With a yelp of rage, Bert shook off Gloria and made a lunge at his adversary. "Gimme that plate, or I'll see that you lose your job!" he screamed, shaking the clever, young man 'til his clever teeth rattled. Now, the thing that has us puzzled is why a movie star should suddenly develop cameraphobia. 'Course, if there's good reason to be camera shy, that's his own affair—but why pick the Biltmore lobby to hide in?



You can't kid Bob Armstrong these days or get his goat either. The nanny was given to him and Bob is giving her the best of care. He's built a real Swiss goat house for his pet with elevated milking stand and all.

■ ■ ■

Paula Stone, of the "Stepping Stones" family, is headed now for a screen career. Recently she was rehearsing for a "short" out at RKO Studios, in a scene where she gets so huffy about her fiance's antics, that she pulls his ring from her finger and hurls it at him. Coming back from lunch on the day the real "take" was to be shot, Paula slammed her car door on her hand, with a result that all five fingers swelled up so that she could not even get the ring off! Make-up had to be applied over the ring, and another made, at least three sizes larger, for her to yank off in fury.

■ ■ ■

Helen Mack, the littlest girl with the biggest eyes in Hollywood, is at last honeymooning. Married last winter in an awful hurry to Director Charles Irwin, they planned to start their wedding trip that very weekend; and if you know anything a-tall about movies, you could appreciate the humor in such a situation. But the Irwins didn't see anything funny about it as month after month rolled by and still they could not get away more than a day at a time from their respective studios, and then never on the same day! But they're now in New York on a two-weeks leave of absence.

IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY



NEXT WASHDAY





—AND FOR DISHES RINSO IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS!

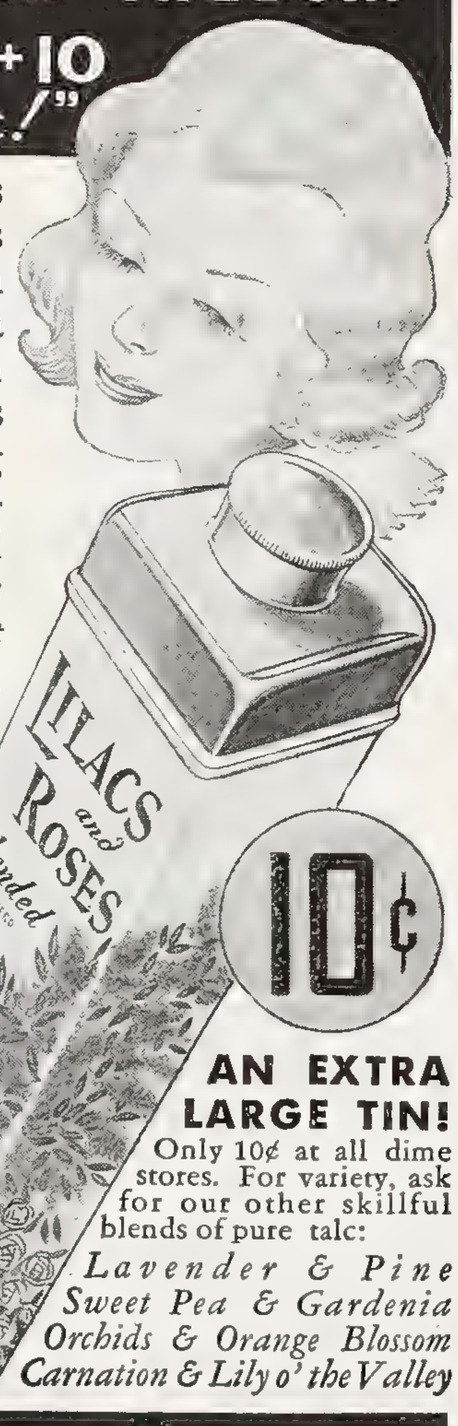
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"YESTERDAY IS TODAY"



BY DOROTHY DOW

Some people are lucky enough to live their whole lives through without ever finding out that yesterday becomes today. Some people wake suddenly from a golden haze, to see a figure confronting them—a face from the past! Something forgotten and done with, suddenly come to life; something alarming, dangerous! A figure from Yesterday saying: "Ah, you can't forget me. You can't pretend that I didn't exist. Because I am here. I am something real." *Could the past break up the one great love that had come to her?*
Read this thrilling story of a girl "with a past" in

SWEETHEART STORIES
AUGUST ISSUE

Can a Man Be True to One Woman?

(*Continued from page 38*)

known that it was there and had never given it a thought. One night my valet was holding my coat for me and in some fashion the pocket inverted and the gold-piece rolled out onto the floor. We searched for it, casually at first and then with increasing zeal. The search became more and more futile. Until, finally, we were in a sweat of exasperation and the gold-piece had become the primary factor in our lives. We didn't find it and gradually I came to suspect my valet of having found it and concealed the finding from me. I began to suspect chance acquaintances who dropped in. Until at last that commonplace, unimportant little piece of gold assumed staggering proportions in my mind, tarnishing my relationships with my servants and friends, inciting me to suspicions I had never thought of entertaining before.

IT was not, mind you, the value of the gold-piece. For it had had no value to me when I knew that it was safe in my pocket. It haunted my dreams at night and preoccupied my mind by day only because I did not know where it was, only because I did not know who had it. It was rolling gold and it had become abnormally valuable to me because of this.

"So," said Paul, "so had that woman I had loved been rolling gold to me. I did not know where she was more than half of the time. I knew that she was flirting with this friend of mine or that. I didn't know which one and so," Paul smiled that worldly-wise, woman-wise smile of his, "so the woman who would hold a man must be rolling gold. Or he must think that she is. She must keep him forever a little uncertain, perpetually on his hands and knees, trying to find her. For, obviously, the man who is on his hands and knees searching for one woman has no time, no eyes and no heart to search for another.

"But that quality of elusiveness," said Paul, "is not enough. If that is all a woman has to offer it becomes tiresome in time. To be forever on your hands and knees becomes more than tiresome, it becomes ugly. No, the woman who would hold a man for all of his life must also be able to give to that man the sense of home.

"Perhaps few women realize it, but homing is one of the strongest instincts in the soul, the heart, the body of a man. Whether he be an adventurer, an actor, a digger of ditches, a Casanova or a Lincoln he will want, sooner or later, to go home. And to the woman who gives him home he will go, always, inevitably, at last. He may flirt. He may visit the exotic salons of exotic women. But sooner or later he will remember the days of his boyhood when, after a day's hard play he wanted to go home to his mother. And *did* go home. He will turn back, the grown man, instinctively, to the woman who gives him what once his mother gave, warmth and lighted lamps and food and peace and sympathy. It may be a case of 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion;' but it is fidelity.

"In my marriage," said Paul, lowering his voice, "in this second and supremely happy marriage of mine, I have found the two qualities. And so when I tell you that even now I flirt, well, you may know that I am hopeless, a bad boy. Now I will tell another little story on myself to illustrate the fact that there is rolling gold in this marriage of mine. If I were wise I would not tell such a tale on myself. But what man is wise when he talks of woman and what man would want to be?

AT any rate, when I went to Europe last year I had to go alone because Daisy, my wife, had been very ill and was unfit to travel. While I was abroad I cabled her every other day and when I was ready to return I conceived one of those ideas which playwrights, such as Molnar and Schnitzler, use very successfully in their slightly naughty plays. I decided to stage a surprise return. To this end I had a friend of mine in Europe continue to send Daisy cables signed with my name. I reached New York and travelled to the Coast by devious means, planes and trains alternatively. I even chartered a special plane out of Texas in order to reach Palm Springs, where Daisy was staying, that much sooner. She had no idea that I had even left Europe.

"And so I arrived in Palm Springs late at night and drove at once to the apartment where she was staying only to be told that she had motored up to Beverly Hills that morning. The manager, recognizing me, allowed me to enter the apartment. Even then I was very nervous. Why had she suddenly gone to Beverly Hills? For what reason? I entered the apartment and found her bedroom door locked. Immediately I was seized with premonitory and melodramatic terror. Why was the door locked? Why? As frantically as once I searched for that bit of rolling gold I now searched for a way to enter that locked room. Finally, at risk of life and limb I managed to climb around the coping of the building and enter the room by the window. I looked about me, the look, no doubt, of one who expects to see a ghost. Finally, on her desk, I saw a scrap of note paper with some words written on it in her handwriting. With the horrid shamelessness of the suspicious male I read some such words as these, 'Thank you, dear, for all the bliss I have known in your embrace."

Paul laughed, a bit shakily. He said, "It was ridiculous. I had never had the shadow of a reason to suspect my wife of anything but the utmost fidelity, fondness, love. She had given me warmth and sympathy and affection and home. Perhaps because she had given me so much accounts for my unreasoning terror at any threat of losing her. Whatever the explanation, I was threatened with an actual vertigo! I felt sick and cold. My limbs were lead. I dashed out again, hired a car and drove like a madman all the way to Beverly Hills, making that insane run in less than two hours.

"I got to my house, rushed to my wife's room and all but frightened her to death! She couldn't, naturally, imagine who could be crashing in on her like that at the unholy hour of just-before-dawn. She began to scream and then when she realized that it was I, she sobbed and threw herself into my arms telling me of her relief, her joy at having me back again. And all the while I, still cold and sick, thought grimly, 'Ah, you behave like this when all the while I have this piece of paper in my pocket!' And then, unable to bear my choking agony in silence any longer I dramatically produced the piece of paper and confronted her with it.

"At first she was dazed. Then she began to laugh. Then she became, and

rightfully so, indignant with me for daring to question her. She told me that the words were those of a popular song which Bing Crosby sang on the radio and which she had started to write down! Without further ado she arose, put a record on the victrola and while I stood stupidly by, played back to me the very words written on that scrap of paper. Then, carefully, as one explains a simple fact to a child, she told me in words of one syllable why she had locked the door of her room—because she had left some of her best gowns, hats and ornaments there and wanted to make doubly sure they would be safe while no one was in the apartment."

Paul smiled, a little shamefacedly. He said, "That is a sorry tale for a grown man to tell on himself, isn't it? And a man married for several years, too. But silly as I felt, there in the dawn, in my wife's boudoir, my sense of relief was greater. And this does make the point of our discussion—a man can be faithful to one woman for all his life, providing she gives him the illusion of rolling gold and providing she gives him . . ." Here his voice trailed off, suddenly.

DAISY LUKAS came into the living-room of the apartment at this moment. She promptly ordered coffee for us and some delicious little Hungarian cakes. She adjusted a shade so that the sun would be softer. She touched the vases of flowers here and there. She said, kissing Paul an affectionate good-bye, that she was off to house-hunt again. She remarked to me that they were tired of apartment life, they wanted a house of their own again, a spacious kitchen, a garden. She reminded Paul that he had an appointment with the doctor at five and then she was gone. She is young and tailored and trim, with clear gray eyes and a wide red mouth, and her slight Hungarian accent matching Paul's, is really charming.

When she was gone he said, "She has finished my story for me. I was about to say that a man can be true for all of his life providing he meets the woman who can give him the illusion of rolling gold and the sense of home. I have told you of the rolling gold. Daisy, without words, has told you of how she gives me the sense of home. And she does . . . in every phase of the relationship between man and woman, our marriage is perfect, and yet," and Paul made a self-despairing gesture, "and yet I am flirting, a little, here and there . . .

"It is like this: On the stage or screen an actor is only as good as the part he plays and the picture he plays it in. Consider 'Little Women' and my very small part in that—yet because the picture was so fine it did me more good than many a larger part I have played. I am now under contract to M-G-M and I pray not for stardom, not even for very large parts, but for small parts in very fine pictures. Parts that I can do justice to.

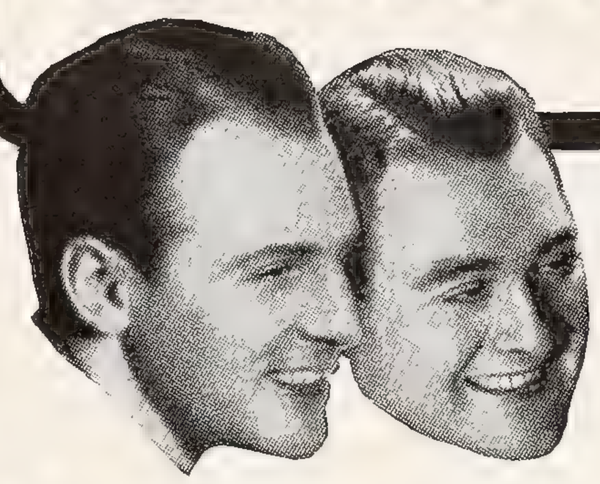
"So it is with fidelity, with marriage. A man is only as good as the part his wife requires him to play and the environment of home she creates for him to play that part in. There too, the role must be adapted to the man.

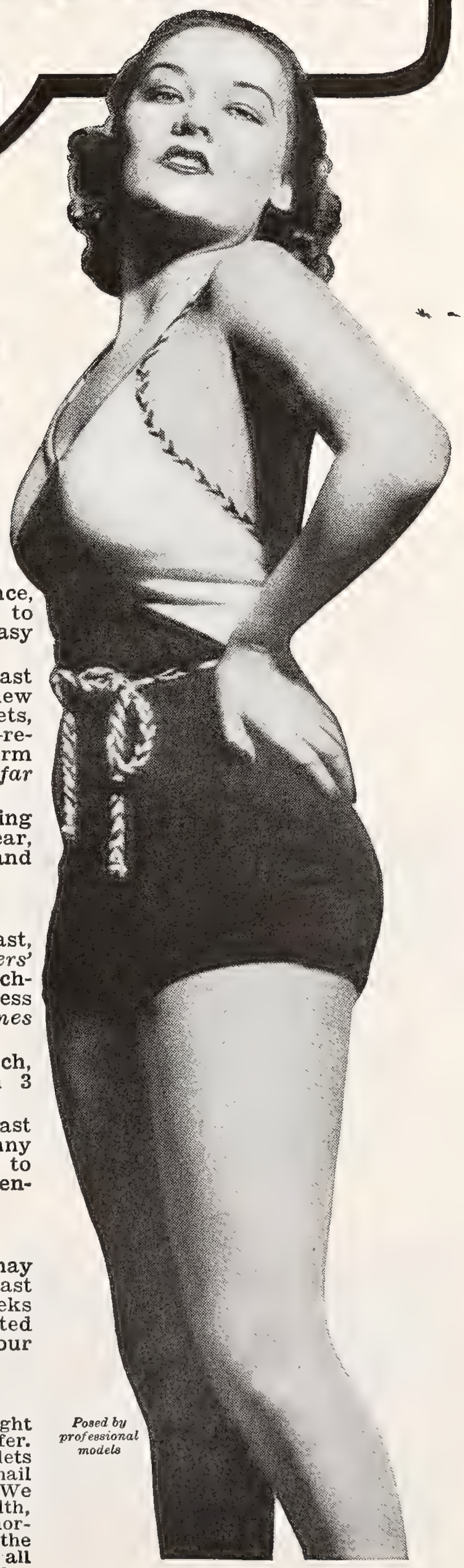
"That woman in Budapest—she was only the rolling gold. My first wife was an actress. She did not give me any sense of home.

"If a man meets the woman who gives both and meets her early enough in life he can be true—forever. I am convinced of that.

"I," laughed Paul, that naughty something in his gray eyes, "I did not meet Daisy early enough!"

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My Husband Is My Best Friend

(*Continued from page 43*)

shipboard, at the festival in Panama, in Cuba.

"These pictures are frightful of Frank," she said indignantly, letting her luncheon grow cold. "Look at this! And do look at this! Why in this one he doesn't even look shaved! He mustn't pose for the news photographers again. They never make him look himself at all."

There also were clippings, clippings which heralded this trip as a second honeymoon.

"A second honeymoon," Irene laughed. "As if there ever could be such a thing with the same man!"

I asked exactly what she meant. And she told me, as simply and directly and honestly as it is her habit to say the things she thinks.

"A honeymoon is wonderful, of course," she went on, smoothing her sweater contemplatively. "It's the time two people go off alone and do their utmost to remain alone. Not only because they are so new and exciting to each other. But because it is their chance to draw closer and prepare for the intimacy of the every day married life which lies ahead of them.

"However, feverishly romantic though it may be, it's also apt to be something of a strain. Because the two people haven't yet learned to relax with each other. Because they haven't had time to become truly good friends. Because they don't know all the little things about each other which only the intimacy and affectionate understanding of years brings."

She began pulling a great flat package out from behind the sofa, untying the cord, crackling the big stiff sheets of paper which wrapped it.

"It's much more fun to have been married for a matter of years, I think," she went on. "Then you have a dozen little agreements about some things and a dozen differences of opinion about other things. Then you know more of what the other fellow is thinking and feeling, irrespective of what he may be doing or saying for courtesy's sake or some other good reason. Then you're both interested in meeting new people and speculating about them later when you're alone. Then everything that happens to you, even a trifling event, is enriched by some similar thing you've already shared."

She had the package undone. In it were architect's drawings of a house to be built in Holmby Hills, provided the studios remain in Hollywood. Holmby Hills lies beyond Beverly and Bel Air. It is where Freddie March has built his charming new house. And where, just across from the Griffin acres, Claudette Colbert is breaking ground for her new home.

THERE was one view of the house from the front. Another showed the side and the patio. There were views of the lawns and gardens. And detailed views of the different rooms as they would look when the house was completed and they were curtained and furnished, with fires burning on their hearths and flowers from the cutting garden standing about in bowls.

"Home of Doctor and Mrs. Francis D. Griffin," was lettered on each drawing. Not "Home of Irene Dunne," mark you. And not even "Home of Irene Dunne and Doctor Francis D. Griffin." But what it really is to be, what their architect knew it would be after talking to these clients of his only a few times. For away from the studios, in spite of all her increasingly bright fame, Irene Dunne isn't at all the movie star, the celebrity. She is Mrs. Francis D. Griffin. First, last and always. Which undoubtedly has a great deal to do with the greatest friendship in the business world which I'll come to in good time.

I kept remembering, a day or two previously, when Irene had entertained representatives of the Irene Dunne Fan Club at a tea party. There had been a pretty girl there who came with the Yonkers contingent, a pretty girl of about fifteen, with eyes as deeply blue as the dress she wore. A dozen times that afternoon, with an adoring nod in Irene's direction, this girl had gone out of her way to explain "She's my aunt, you know!" And later when I asked her, "How does it feel to have a movie star in the family," Dorothea Griffin admitted with lovely naïveté, "Well, sometimes I wish Aunt Irene wasn't a movie star. I get jealous when I have to share her with a lot of people. Like this afternoon, for instance."

And I had thought that movie stars, if not prophets, sometimes are appreciated in their own countries, even in their own families. And that's *something!*

"You'll notice," Irene indicated the patio on the drawing, "that we've planned this as an extra living-room. We like to have breakfast outdoors on Sundays. And to read outdoors on warm evenings. It's enclosed on two sides by the wings of the house and on the third side by the loggia. The front looks out over the lawn straight to the ocean. See, the hill drops off here, just beyond our property. There never can be anything to block our view, to shut off the sea."

Frank Griffin won't be in California to live in that house all the time. Many months of the year he is obliged to be in New York where his practise is located. But it pleases him, sentimental as the next Irishman, to think of Irene in their home. And to look forward to the years ahead when they'll both find lives less busy and be there together all the time.

IRENE and I talked of her marriage. Of how she had taken what so easily might have become a marriage of inconvenience and shaped it into something fine.

"I admit," she said, "the separations are pretty lonely at times. They'd be unbearable, really, if it weren't for Frank's frequent telephone calls, put through after midnight when we can afford to talk much longer. But now that we're together for the time being, and I'm able to view our months of separation with some perspective, I'm not sure but that they haven't served us well.

"Perhaps if we'd been together all the time during the last four years we wouldn't be such good friends. Perhaps together all the time we'd have come to take each other more for granted; and find less zest in each other's company. How can anyone tell? Frankly, I'd almost be afraid to have things any other way than they have been. For fear it wouldn't have worked out as much fun.

"A month from now, of course, when I'm back in California and Frank is here and I'm missing him more than ever because I've just left him, you'll find me singing another tune. I'll be complaining that it's absurd for married people to permit three thousand miles to separate them. For the hysterical moment I'm even likely to be considering giving up my work. Although I know in my heart that I couldn't, that it's become too much a part of me."

As she talked I remembered some of the things which have forged the bond stronger between her and Frank Griffin. There was the time, some years ago, for instance, when she spent an entire Sunday rehearsing for her screen tests of "Cimarron" which she was to take the next day, although RKO were giving her these tests simply to please her, having no idea that she, a musical comedy star in their minds, could properly play Sabra Cravat.

On that day Frank Griffin remained with her closed in her room. He knew how much this meant to her. He watched the different effects she tried out and, now and then, helped with a suggestion. His cronies kept the telephone ringing constantly. They wanted him to join them on the links. Suppose Irene did have to work, that was no reason why he had to stay home. They didn't understand.

I also remembered Irene's frantic trip across the continent after the telephone call which advised her he had been rushed to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. At this time the newspapers insisted that, under cover of being in New York because he was ill, she had come on to ask for a divorce. Considering Frank Griffin's temporary weakened and depressed state those stories might have caused an upset. But because it was Irene who read him those stories, sitting close beside his bed, laughing, joking, meeting his eyes with her own eyes level, they could do no harm.

So it goes. It isn't, after all, so much the number of hours two people spend together as what they do with those hours. For with the years, her marriage to Frank Griffin has grown into that which can only exist in marriage and is at the same time the ultimate of marriage, namely the greatest friendship in the world.

Confessions of an Extra Girl

(*Continued from page 31*)

the heart of Hollywood was from Los Angeles. In Hollywood I went to the Plaza Hotel, because a friend of ours back East had stayed there. I left my bags and started out to look for an apartment.

When I signed the hotel register I wrote my name and then afterward wrote "actress," which will show you how silly I was. I get hot and cold when I think about that now and I wonder what that clerk thought of me.

THE next morning I moved into a cute little furnished apartment, for which I paid forty dollars a month. Before I unpacked I wrote on a piece of paper, "If I am not a star," and then I crossed that out and wrote, "If I am not a leading lady one year from today, I will go back home." The trouble was that I did not write the date down, so it is always a year from today. I am not a leading woman and that was five years ago. I am still in Hollywood—an extra girl!

I asked the lady at the desk of the apartment house how to get to Metro. At the studio I walked up to the gate and asked to see the casting director. He said that wasn't the right entrance and told me where to go. As I was standing there I saw a big black car drive up and I looked inside it and saw Garbo. It was strange, but I wasn't thrilled. I said to myself, "One year from today I'll be riding through this gate in a big car." Well, I did—and the car was bigger than Garbo's. It was a bus filled with extras going on location—and I was one of them!

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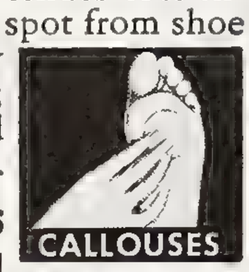
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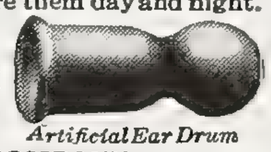
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At the casting office they said I didn't have a chance. Then I went to all the studios and got the same story. I think it was about the fourth day and I was very discouraged when I met a woman at one of the studios who told me to go to the little company where I met the director I've already told about.

Now, maybe because I've told you that I'm still an extra after five years, you'll think that you're going to read all about how I struggled for a beginning, etc., etc., but my story is a little different from the average extra-girl story. I got into the movies with a bang—but the bang didn't keep up.

At this time long skirts were just coming in and only very ultra-smart women were wearing them. The rest of us had our hemlines just about at the knee. I remember that I had read an article in which Alice White said that no matter what other girls did she would always wear short skirts. And I thought I agreed with her.

One day I was coming home on a bus from Metro (I still persisted in going to the studios and begging for work) when a man came and sat down beside me and, when he spoke to me I thought that Dad was still right about Hollywood, because what the man said was, "You have very beautiful legs."

THAT, you must admit, is rather a unique way for a man to begin a conversation and I must say that I gasped and edged away from him because I was afraid of a repetition of the director episode.

Then he continued, "I'm an artist—a commercial artist—and I'm doing an ad for a local company—a stocking ad. Here's my card. Come to my studio tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I pay a dollar an hour."

"But tomorrow's Sunday," I said.

"Yes, I know," he answered. He was a very handsome man with dark hair and deep brown eyes and I was afraid of him. I had heard of white slavery and all those things and besides I was in Hollywood to be an actress, not an artist's model. "I'm afraid I can't make it."

He shrugged his shoulders. "As you like, but if you change your mind come along." And then he moved to another seat in the bus.

He seemed so indifferent that I suspected a sinister trap. Besides, working on Sundays seemed most unusual. And just asking a girl in a bus to pose—well, that was all very irregular. So I had no intention of going to his studio. But fate meant otherwise.

That night when I got home and started out to do my little marketing I looked in my purse and discovered that instead of the ten dollars I thought was there there was only fifteen cents. I frantically searched in my coat pockets and everywhere that I might have put the money, but it was gone. Either my bag had been robbed or I had lost it. And here it was Saturday night, not a chance of getting into the bank until Monday, not a soul I knew to borrow from (even the woman who ran the apartment was away for the week-end) and I with fifteen cents. Besides, since I did marketing for several days on Saturday night, there was nothing in the house but some coffee—no bread, no sugar, no cream.

I looked at the artist's card and realized, from the address, that by street car it would cost me six cents to get there and another six cents to get back in case he wasn't there. So I went to bed that night having drunk just a little coffee (black) and woke up the next morning with my stomach growling.

At ten o'clock I presented myself at his studio and there had, I think, one of the most curious experiences of my life. How strange fate is! Had I not lost the ten dollars I wouldn't have gone to his studio. And going to his studio was the act that started my career in pictures!

(To be continued)

A Great Actress Puts on a Great Act

(Continued from page 41)

some way, we accomplish that awesome distance from the bar to a couch. Bergner sits straight in a corner. She is meeting the press.

Schenck walks across with some things on a plate—tiny canapés of caviar, salmon, anchovies. Bergner looks at the plate. She doesn't ask what it is. Score one for Schenck.

The press are arriving. They are arriving in droves. Chairs are drawn up in a semi-circle around Bergner, sitting so quietly in the corner of the lounge. The chairs are placed so that one thinks we are shortly to play a parlor game and Bergner will be "it."

The press begin to ask questions.

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"I would rather not say."

They persist. "But surely there is no harm in mentioning your favorite. If we asked you to say which one you didn't like that would be different."

"No, no, I say no favorites."

But the press will not let her off. They are stubborn now. They insist she answer. Schenck insists.

"All right. I say my favorite. Charlie Chaplin."

It is like a name from the past. Suddenly it is as if the little man in his derby hat, his enormous shoes, his flexible cane is standing in the room. Charlie Chaplin. Why, we had almost forgotten that he existed. Is she kidding? No, you can look at her face and tell that she isn't.

"Diss ordeal," she says. "I have not slept for two nights. I worry about diss ordeal. For six years I have no interviews."

Ah, the ordeal, then, is meeting the press.

"And is it as bad as you thought it would be, Miss Bergner?" a reporter asks.

She looks at him straight. "Worse."

We feel uncomfortable.

Someone asks her about her new play, the one Sir James Barrie has written for her.

"I cannot say what it is like. I must not say. No."

"Is it a modern play?" someone asks.

"No, no, not modern."

"Is it whimisical?"

"No, no, not whimsical."

"Is it very dramatic?"

"No, no, not very dramatic."

Schenck, standing behind the lounge, leans over and asks, "Is it mineral?"

Now that is rather funny. But the crack gets a much bigger laugh than it deserves just because we all want to laugh and relieve the tension. We laugh. Oh, we laugh a great deal.

THEY try now to make her speak of her personal life. We edge our chairs forward.

"Do you like having your husband direct you in pictures, better than if someone else did?"

Bergner shrugs her shoulders. "I cannot say. No one but my husband has directed me."

That washes up Bergner's personal life.

"Are you going to Hollywood?"

"No, oh no, my contract is for Europe."

"Would you like to go to Hollywood?"

She smiles, "I feel dat I am not for Hollywood."

"Why?"

"I do not know. I cannot explain. To see it, yes, I should like to see it quietly. But work dere—no."

She has seen nothing of New York—only her hotel room, and the theatre—she cannot say whether she likes it or not. Many lies have been said about her. That she brought a cook from Vienna, (she did not bring a cook from Vienna.) That she spent her time between performances walking her dog. (Her dog is safe at home in Vienna.) True, that she is frightened of interviews. Will she wait six years to give another? It depends, she answers, upon the outcome of this one.

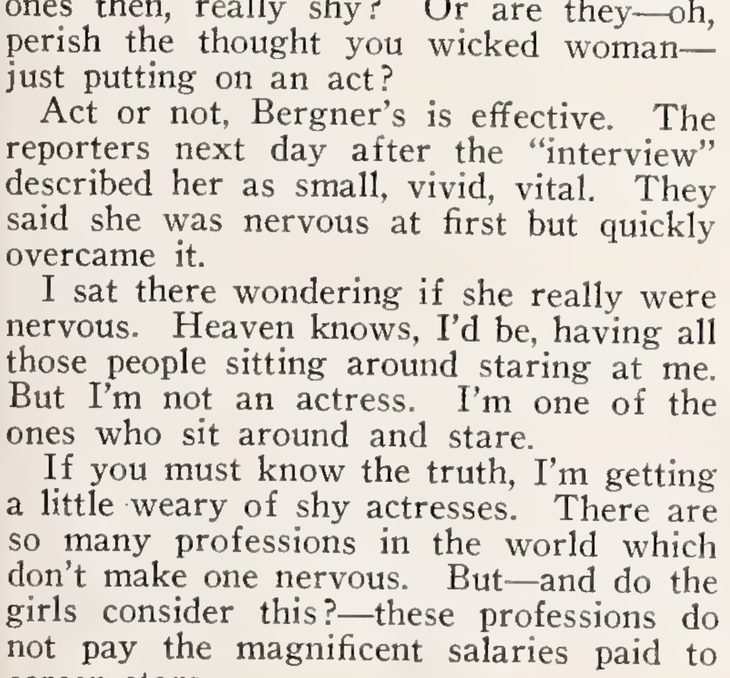
Her first performance of any play is always bad, she says, because she is so nervous. And she is nervous on succeeding nights if there is someone in the audience she knows. She is, you see, shy.

And yet as I sat there watching her, a little thing in an unbecoming frock, sitting in one corner of the couch, evading the questions shot at her by the hundreds of people sitting on uncomfortable chairs, it occurred to me as strange that anyone so truly shy would choose the acting business as a profession. For any girl knows that she must face people, that she is bound to be stared at, that she will be asked questions if she decides to go on the stage or appear before the camera. Are these shy ones then, really shy? Or are they—oh, perish the thought you wicked woman—just putting on an act?

Act or not, Bergner's is effective. The reporters next day after the "interview" described her as small, vivid, vital. They said she was nervous at first but quickly overcame it.

I sat there wondering if she really were nervous. Heaven knows, I'd be, having all those people sitting around staring at me. But I'm not an actress. I'm one of the ones who sit around and stare.

If you must know the truth, I'm getting a little weary of shy actresses. There are so many professions in the world which don't make one nervous. But—and do the girls consider this?—these professions do not pay the magnificent salaries paid to screen stars.



Elisabeth Bergner and Hugh Sinclair in "Escape Me Never."

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Gable Flipped a Coin

(*Continued from page 45*)

would take him. He wished that he might turn this offer down, but he could find no other work and he reasoned, sensibly, that beggars must not be choosers.

The contract was ready for him. Sorry that events had forced him to sign it, he set out from his boarding house to go to the office and put his name on the dotted line.

Some carpenters were working in the hall. He hurried past them and in so doing his coat caught on a nail and he heard the disheartening rip.

CLARK examined the tear. He could certainly not appear in any manager's office in a coat like that, and the discouraging part was that he had but one other suit. However, there was nothing for him to do but to change his clothes.

He went back to his room, got out his other suit and just as he was leaving the house once more, being very careful of the carpenters' nails, the telephone rang. The message was for him. His agent told him that he had just been offered a nice part in a good legitimate company!

So if he had not been delayed by having to change clothes, if the nail had not been there, he would have been out of the house when the call came and his name would have been affixed to the vaudeville contract and there would have been nothing for him to do but to give up the good role and go on the road. Fate? Chance? What?

Number four: Had a flipped coin not turned up heads Gable might never have come to the attention of the Los Angeles producers.

He had been in Portland, Oregon, after a stroke of bad luck, working as an ad-taker on the *Oregonian,* a newspaper there. Stranded by a defunct stock company, he had taken the job to ward off starvation. Meantime he kept in touch with friends in New York who were instructed to notify him when new casting for stock companies began. A letter came, urging him to return to New York. He had no money and was wondering how it would feel to ride the freights when a friend of his, an actor, turned up in Portland. This man was bound for Hollywood in a ramshackle car. He invited Clark to come along. Reluctantly, Gable went.

He searched desperately for work in the theatrical world and was at last offered a bit part in "What Price Glory." He thought himself worthy of a better break. After all, he had played leads in stock. After all, he was an actor, not a bit player. If he took this role, it would be as if he had started from the bottom again. And, heaven knows, he had fought his way desperately already. But he needed money. He had to eat. Should his career or his stomach come first?

He decided that this time he would trust utterly to luck. He flipped a coin. "Tails I take the bit, heads I don't." The coin spun in the air and rested on the back of his hand. He looked at it. It registered heads!

WITH a very empty feeling in the pit of his stomach he refused the part. And for two weeks regretted the coin's decision. Yes, he regretted it for two weeks only, for at the end of that time a second unit of the show was formed and Clark was offered a good part. And the strange thing was that the second unit soon became, in reality, the first. Furthermore, it played in Los Angeles while the other company was on the road.

And thus Clark came to the attention of the producer, Louis MacLoon, who gave him the ranking male lead of Sgt. Quirt when Hale Hamilton left the company.

Number five: If he had not had faith in the first flipped coin and put his trust in another, he might never have been seen by the movie moguls.

On the New York stage, Gable had gained some fame in a play called "Machanal," a Broadway hit. MacLoon wired Clark asking him to take the lead in "The Last Mile" at a salary bigger than any he had had. At this time, Clark wasn't in need of money and, of course, the Broadway theatre is much more important than the Los Angeles stage. Again, what to do? Make extra dollars on the Coast and perhaps miss out on a Broadway show, or hang around the Big Town waiting for a part? The coin had steered him straight once before. Perhaps it would do so again. He flipped a quarter. It advised him to go West. And it was because of this role that he got his first screen test.

The rest is woven inextricably into the pattern of movie history.

If, if, if . . . How many "ifs" are there in your life? Are all of us—you and I and Clark Gable—predestined, and are these seemingly casual occurrences that vitally change our lives simply fate working in her mysterious fashion? Or is it just chance and luck?

I leave it up to you. What do *you* think?

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 11*)

black coffee. This is not because Myrna is dieting or counting her calories, but because she thinks desserts as a steady thing lack interest, preferring the piquant taste of a perfect salad to set off her meal. If you were invited to dinner at the Loy apartment (Myrna does not own her own home, living at the moment in a swanky Beverly Hills apartment hotel), chances are that Myrna would have Carolina initiate you into the mysteries of her spicy "Taquitos." The only concession to the conventional dinner would be a cooling ice at the end of the meal. The Loy menu, as made out for me by Carolina, would read something like this:

Consommé
"Taquitos" A favorite salad
Fresh Raspberry Ice
Coffee

This would be followed by a bit of conversation and then an evening of rapt attention to Myrna's new phonograph which plays twenty-four records, continuously, without its proud owner laying a finger upon it. You'd hear Ravel's "Bolero" and symphonies directed by world-famous conductors, if you were Myrna's guest. Myrna owns a thousand records!

It all sounds simple and unstudied,

doesn't it—especially the dinner. But the consommé would be clear as an unclouded crystal ball, the "Taquitos" would be superb in their rich tomato sauce, the green salad would be a masterpiece, the ice a frozen nectar and the coffee black, steaming, pungent, with perhaps a dash of cognac!

Simplicity, in itself, is often a highly cultivated art, you know, an essential truth which Myrna has discovered in the midst of her astounding success. Above all she realizes that the best part of success is not that it brings her sables and square-cut emeralds, but that it allows her the rare privilege of doing just what she prefers to do. And that is to read, listen to fine music, idle away her leisure hours as she wishes, and partake of delightful meals of her own choosing.

But let's get back to Myrna's salads, about which I promised to tell you. For Sour Cream Salad, Carolina buys French endive. Following the washing and chilling ritual described above, she removes the endive, crisp and cold from the refrigerator, mixes it with a simple French dressing made in a bowl which has been rubbed lightly with garlic, and arranges the leaves like a giant sunflower on a flat dish. In the center of the dish, nestling in decorative chicory, is placed a smaller dish of sour cream to which a dash of salt has been added. In serving, a spoonful of sour cream is placed on the dressing. You can see how it looks from the photograph. This salad was made up for picture purposes by Carolina, just as she makes it for Miss Loy.

THE other salad pictured is one that Carolina serves often, as Myrna enjoys having it as a solitary dish for a refreshing summer lunch. Choosing a large avocado, Carolina washes it carefully and halves it lengthwise. The halves are then placed, without removing the shell, on lettuce leaves. The large seed is removed, of course, and in its place is inserted half of a hard-cooked egg, cut in half lengthwise. The entire salad is then drenched with French dressing.

As another summer luncheon dish Myrna frequently asks for Salad Caviar. For this Carolina takes a head of lettuce and shreds it. She chops radishes, celery, green onions, green peppers and ripe olives very finely and adds them, together with some minced parsley, to the shredded lettuce. And now comes the final touch that makes this a very distinguished salad indeed—a little dish of mayonnaise covered with caviar in the very center of the salad bowl!

Just as Carolina is inflexible about metals in salad-making (except for the sometimes necessary chopping knife), so is she insistent about using her own mayonnaise. This she makes up in large quantities, storing it afterwards in the refrigerator. When Thousand Island Dressing or Russian Dressing is wanted, Carolina just adds the necessary ingredients to her "Special Mayonnaise." If you want to have her recipes for all three of these dressings as served to Myrna Loy and her guests, all you have to do is send for this month's recipe folder.

Another of the cards in the Modern Hostess Leaflet will give you directions for making that "Salad De Luxe" that I mentioned before. This salad borders on sweetness, but, despite that fact, it is one of Myrna's favorites. I was delighted, therefore, to be able to get the recipe for you. It combines unusual ingredients, but is most simple to make. Fnd out for yourself how good it is by sending in the coupon for your *free* copy of the recipes.

Salads, of course, are not the only dishes that make their appearance on Myrna's

Speedy! Easy! Grand!

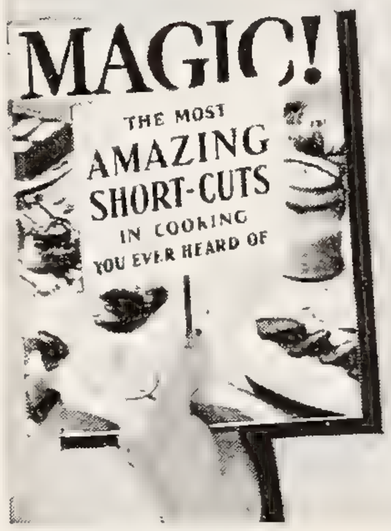


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Virginia Bruce, Luise Rainer, Mady Christians and Frank Morgan chat between scenes on the "Lie Like a Gentleman" set. Luise has the role Myrna Loy walked out of.

luncheon table. "Waffles Carolina" bob up with great frequency too, I learned. It seems that once you have sampled a "Waffle Carolina," like an elephant, you never forget!

"I have never eaten anything like them!" Myrna told me. "I never cared much about waffles until my secretary asked me to let her make some by her own special recipe. I said 'yes' casually—but my enthusiasm after tasting them was positive. It must be the corn meal that makes them unlike anything I ever ate. I am going to ask her to give you exact directions for making them," Myrna promised. "They are simply grand for any moment of the day, from breakfast to a midnight snack."

Well, I did get the recipe, and if you send for it I can guarantee that you'll find these waffles just as good as Myrna declared them to be.

THE final dish on the list of Loy favorites is a bit complicated but it's well worth trying. It's a recipe for those Mexican "Taquitos." With their spicy seasoning and delicious sauce, they are guaranteed to stimulate the appetite for an otherwise ordinary meal. If you want to make a tired husband happy or make dull guests sparkle, serve this exotic dish, made according to directions given me by Miss Loy's Carolina. The recipe calls for "Tortillas"—an Indian equivalent for American bread—which can be bought in the Mexican quarter of many cities, but which also can be made at home very simply. A West Coast milling company—the Globe Mills—has worked out an excellent Tortilla recipe which I have included with Carolina's directions for making the special chicken filling and extra special sauce that change "Tortillas" into "Taquitos" to the betterment of both!

Salads with sex appeal, originality and a sense of humor, did we say? Well, wait until you taste "Taquitos"! They have downright glamor! And why shouldn't they have—they're a Myrna Loy favorite.

Just think, recipes for not one but four of her favorite foods are included in this month's Modern Hostess Recipe Leaflet—"Taquitos," "Waffles Carolina," "Salad De Luxe" and Carolina's "Special Mayonnaise" with two variations, "Russian" and "Thousand Island" dressing. So send for your *free* copy now—at once and forthwith. If you don't you'll be sorry. And so shall I be, that you missed out on this extra-special chance to eat the same foods that Myrna Loy likes, made by just the same recipes that are used in that charming star's Hollywood home.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Please send me Myrna Loy's recipes for August, 1935.

Name.....
(Street and Number)

Address .....
(City) (State)

.....

All About the Great Mae West Marriage Question

(*Continued from page 28*)

think he wanted to pose for phony pictures. I think he meant to take a picture of Mae and put one of his pictures next to it, and to state honestly that it was a composite, showing them as they appeared twenty-four years ago. But it did sound funny.

So much so that the Editor told me to investigate the story and find out whether or not Mae was married, and if so, was *this* Frank Wallace her husband.

Come along and play detective with me. We'll find out some strange and startling facts.

First we go down to the Court of General Sessions, where on September 19, 1927, Mae was sentenced to ten days in jail on the immoral performance charge. They show us the copy of the pedigree, to which she swore. "Married?" it asks. "Yes," Mae answers. "Age?" and she replies, "Twenty-six."

NOW if Mae were telling the truth, under oath, she would have been ten years old in 1911, when the supposed marriage took place—and ten-year-old girls aren't getting married in Milwaukee, where the minimum age for brides with parents' consent is fifteen, and without it, eighteen.

But what about her statement that she is married? We'll go and ask Clarence W. Morganstern, producer of the banned play, who was sentenced at the same time.

"I've known Mae since she was eight years old," says the veteran producer. "I first met her when she was playing in stock at the Gotham Theatre in Brooklyn. Roles like Lovey Mary in 'Mrs. Wiggs' and Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' At that time she was about eight or ten years old. When was it? Well, I started working with her in 1913, only two years afterward.

"Mae never was in Milwaukee in 1911. The first trip she made there was only a few years ago, when she toured with the 'Diamond Lil' show.

"Don't forget, there was a different Mae West in burlesque. I knew her. She was a brunette—weighed about 135 to 140 and was about twenty years old in 1913. The girl in the pictures which so far have been printed in the newspapers is not the Mae West of the films. She didn't look anything like that."

"But," I interrupted, "Wallace says Mae was a brunette when he married her."

"Then it was a different Mae," Morganstern replied. "Mae of the movies was never a brunette, though her hair wasn't always as light as it is today. Why, you can prove it—she has a very fair complexion and violet eyes. Why don't you ask Ned Wayburn? He taught her to dance."

I took Mr. Morganstern's tip and called upon Wayburn, who used to stage the great Ziegfeld extravaganzas and has an international reputation for honesty and ability.

MR. WAYBURN was rehearsing the chorus for a new show when I called at his studio. I explained the problem to him. He let the girls sit down for a breathing spell.



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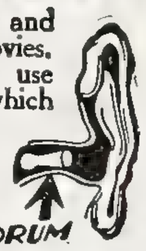


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"Mae was in the 'Folies Bergere,' which I directed. She was a principal. Let me think a minute. Yes, the date was about the spring of 1911, and Mae wasn't over thirteen at the time. She may have been younger; she was a hearty, well-developed girl, and we always said she was older than she really was, because her extreme youth might have caused comment."

"Was she a blonde or a brunette then?"

"Neither." He pointed at a girl. "Oh, Miss! You in the corner. Stand up, please." The girl rose. "That's just about the color Mae's hair was; judge for yourself."

The girl's hair could have been called either very light brown or rather dark blonde. But she certainly wasn't a brunette.

Then Mr. Wayburn continued, "You know, there have been several Frank Wallaces. Franklin Wallace was a singer and a good actor—but *not* a dancer. He never appeared with Mae. Another was a singing waiter at a Bowery cabaret. A third, now dead I believe, was in 'Diamond Lil,' which Jack Linder produced.

"I know that Mae was in vaudeville between stage show engagements, with Harry Richman as her pianist. And while I cannot take my oath that she was not on the road in 1911, I doubt it very much, as she appeared in a vode sketch called 'Hello, Paris' here in the East, and I doubt if it ever got west of the Mississippi."

That seems to substantiate Mae's story, but let's pay a visit to Jack Linder.

"I've known Mae only since 1928," says he, "but I'm inclined to believe that Wallace is telling the truth. He talks very convincingly, and Mae is old enough to have been seventeen or eighteen in 1911."

"Is it true that she got Frank Wallace a job in 'Diamond Lil'?"

"Yes—but it wasn't this Frank Wallace. It was another man by the same name. He's dead now, but while he was in the show, he stuck awfully close to her. Here's a picture of them." And he showed me a photo of Mae getting into her car—an unmistakable Mae, this time, with a man standing in the background. This man, Mr. Linder said, was the "Diamond Lil" Wallace. "Maybe *they* were married," he added, "but I'm inclined to think it was really the one who now claims to be her husband."

George Lederer, also a producer, broadcasts his "reminiscences" over radio station WINS, giving a dramatization of the West-Wallace marriage. In a radio sketch and talk he definitely stated that Wallace taught Mae to sing and dance; that they were married in Milwaukee; that Mae had a good job offered her and ditched Frank to take it. We call Lederer on the phone and make an appointment. It turns out that his entire "knowledge" of the case is garnered from reading the newspapers of a few days ago, save that he thinks he saw Mae once, twenty years ago. His whole testimony may be discarded.

But he has given us an idea. We look over the old newspaper files on Mae. The earliest we can find is from *Variety* of January 20, 1912, and refers to "her recent vaudeville appearances"—not with Wallace, but with the Girard Brothers. The *World*, about the same time, says that she is "new to vaudeville," but spells her name "May." Is it the same girl?

IN February, 1913, the *Atlanta (Ga.) Journal* prints a cartoon of Mae West, a *blonde*, playing the Grand Theatre there. The *Columbus (Ohio) Journal*, of November 4, 1913, calls our Mae "America's *youngest* temperamental come-

Does he call you up the next morning?

THE exciting tinkle of her telephone the next morning means that he was serious when he said that she was the most fascinating girl at the party. He'll keep her phone busy as long as she keeps charming

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SCREEN ROMANCES

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dienne," which lends weight to Mr. Morganstern's statement that she used to give impersonations of Lillian Russell, Eva Tanguay and other celebrities of the day. Other crumbly, yellow old clippings substantiate things Mr. Wayburn has told us, and others reveal further information, such as that she made her first Louisville appearance in 1914.

And a Wallace crops up in her life in the papers of 1927. This was James Garret Wallace, the District Attorney who prosecuted the play "Sex" and got a conviction against Mae. The next day the N. Y. *Tribune* says that Mae was "twenty-six and *unmarried.*" In 1930, Sidney Skolsky does a personality story on her in the *Daily News* and says that her insurance policy gives her birthday as August 17, 1900. This corroborates Morganstern, Wayburn, the indictment and Mae's own word. It makes Wallace's story look thin.

And in a story published under her own signature in the *Daily Mirror,* Mae says she was known as "The Baby Vamp" in 1920. They might call a girl of twenty a "Baby Vamp"—but not a woman of nearly thirty. She also says she went to Wayburn when she was thirteen after playing vaudeville in the East—and Wayburn not only agrees on this, but dates it as being the spring of 1911.

Then we skip those clippings which deal only with her more recent stage and screen activities and leap right into the present case.

Lew Wallace, brother of the Frank who was with Mae in "Diamond Lil" says, in the *Daily Mirror* of April 23, 1935, that his brother Frank, who died on June 7, 1933, never was in vaudeville until 1918, and was only about sixteen or seventeen in 1911, anyway. Al Rigali, stage manager of the show, however, voiced his opinion that Mae was married—but to the Frank who died, "because he could always make a touch."

Harry Fields, an old-time burlesque man of Boston, stated in the same paper that "everybody" knew Frank and Mae were married. But it was impossible to learn which Frank and (more important) WHICH MAE!

ANOTHER story points out that Mae's mother would be only fifty-three if alive today. This means, if we accept Wallace's story, that Mae was born when her mother was only twelve years old, which is rather difficult to believe. However, if Mae is to be believed, Mrs. West was only eighteen at that time—surely old enough to become a mother. But the statement of Mrs. West's age is not confirmed by any other data.

Far from it! In an obituary published in the *Times* on January 28, 1930, two days after Mae's mother died, we find "Funeral services for Mrs. West, who was fifty-six years old, will be held at the Fairchild Chapel." Fifty-six in 1930. That means, "born in 1874." If Mae was born when Mrs. West was twenty, Mae was seventeen or eighteen in 1911.

This is further borne out by a Brooklyn shopkeeper, who knew the family since before Mae's birth. She said, "My daughter was a year or a year and a half old when Mae was going to school—and my daughter is thirty-six now, so Mae must be about forty or forty-two." Which would confirm the *Times'* figure, and the possibility of a 1911 marriage.

Miss Jean Gary, a writer for magazines, is also a former neighbor of Mae's. Jean's brother, John, was a good friend of Mae's brother, Johnnie. "I remember Mae on the stage of the Jamaica Theatre. It was the last year I lived in Woodhaven." says Miss Gary, "so that makes it 1917. Mae was not over seventeen or eighteen even then, I'm sure." And this corroborates other indications that Mae was far too young to marry anybody in 1911.

In February, 1933, the *Daily News* printed an interview in which Mae admitted being twenty-nine. The reporter commented that records show her to be 33, (which checks with what we have) and continues, "some Broadwayites say she is older." It adds that she played Little Marie in "Ten Nights," "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and similar roles from 1909 to 1912, in Hal Clarendon's Brooklyn stock company, thus further refuting Wallace's claim.

Another paper, the *Sun,* quotes an interview with Frank's mother, Mrs. Anthony S. Szatkus, whose husband is a carpenter. Lee W. Beilin (of whom more anon), Wallace's attorney in his suit to determine his marital status, confirms this as being Wallace's father's name. But on the marriage record, the husband's father is listed as "Joe Wallace"—a name very unlike Anthony Szatkus—though it does state he was born in Russia. And Frank does claim Lithuanian descent.

Mr. Beilin is firmly convinced that Wallace is really Mae's husband. What decided him is the photostat of the marriage certificate—some old pictures (including the one which Morganstern states is not Mae's)—and some "other documentary evidence." He wouldn't say what this was, because he does not want to expose his evidence until the case comes to trial—if it ever does.

But was the Frank Wallace of "Diamond Lil," the son of Joe Wallace and Anna Babria? I cannot tell you. His brother and sister, both of whom live in the Bronx, refuse to answer requests for information. Do you suppose he may have been, and that they do not want it known? Can you think of any reason for their silence if this is not the case?

Wallace has been giving his version of the Mae West marriage story in the *New York Daily Mirror.* In it he mentions names and dates. It's all very convincing.

But———

ONE of the people he mentioned as having appeared in a show with him and Mae in the days of their married bliss is Sophie ("Last of the Red Hot Mommas") Tucker. I called her to ask if she remembered the marriage.

The next evening her secretary phoned me. Miss Tucker couldn't comment. Why couldn't she comment? *She had no recollection of the matter!*

So another Wallace claim bit the dust.

Wallace also refers to Harry Richman, the radio and night club star. I called Harry at the Club Versailles and asked him what he knew. "I was with Mae in vaudeville for about a year and a half, around 1923. At that time I knew nothing about Wallace, or even any marriage of Miss West's. I never even heard of him until he made his statement in the papers."

And Harry Richman was Mae's pianist—actually in her act. If she had ever let a word slip about this supposed marriage, he would have heard it.

Art Egan, broadcaster over WMCA and associated stations, toured the same circuit with Mae and Harry, twelve years ago. He knew them both, as well as people who make extended trips together do get to know each other. "Mae was a regular fellow," says Egan. "Everybody liked her, for she was good company, even if she didn't smoke or drink. I've talked to her a lot—and there was never any indication that she was married to anyone. And remember, that was before Mae made her big success. She had no reason for hiding a husband then. If she

had been married, I'm sure she would have mentioned it, for home life is a favorite topic among stage people. Her age? Well, I always thought she was about my age—not over a year or two older. And I'm thirty-six this year."

So, according to Egan, Mae couldn't have been over thirteen in 1911, just as others who know her well have said.

Wallace has also said that Mae divorced him in 1915 or 1916. This would be convincing proof of a marriage if Mr. Wallace could tell where the action took place. But now it is said to be a fraudulent divorce, for though Wallace claims the papers were served on him by Mae's own sister, Beverly, Mr. Beilin's search for the records in the three Long Island counties where it might have been filed has been unavailing.

In fact, Mr. Wallace has been very hazy on data which might be checked, and proved or disproved. He remembered a beautiful day—a week or two before the marriage—but could not recall whether or not it rained on the wedding day. "I was too happy to notice," he said. But the weather bureau could have told whether or not his recollection of the weather was correct. He could not remember what the judge who married them looked like—the judge is still alive and could have checked that statement. And so forth.

For that matter, the judge did, very kindly, agree to give MODERN SCREEN some information bearing on the case.

THE application for a license," said Judge Joseph E. Cordes, "was filled out by the county clerk's office, but it had to be signed by one of the parties. I am enclosing a copy of the certificate, showing how it was filled in and filed."

According to the best information I have been able to get, neither Frank nor Mae signed the application.

"Arthur Shutkin," Judge Cordes continued, "was the clerk at that time and sent quite a few out-of-town couples to me—I haven't any independent recollection of the event."

And when I asked Mr. Shutkin, he could recall nothing about it, either.

Nor, for that matter, did Martin T. Plehn, who was County Clerk when somebody or other got married in Milwaukee in 1911. But Mr. Plehn not only confirmed the salient facts given by Judge Cordes, but contributed a vital piece of new evidence. He sent along a tracing of the signature which the Frank Wallace who really did marry a Mae West, signed to the legal documents. Here, at last, was something to prove or disprove the present Wallace's claim that he was the same man.

I phoned Attorney Beilin and asked for a copy of this Wallace's signature, as he writes it today. Mr. Beilin said that he didn't see any reason why he should let us have it. We certainly could *not* have it unless he could see our copy of the old signature first. Unfortunately, our copy was being photographed for a cut. But we wondered whether Mr. Beilin doubted that the two signatures might be similar, and whether we could get a copy of this Wallace's signature if it was very unlike that which Mr. Plehn had supplied. Oh, how we wondered!

Mrs. Szatkus says her son married "a Mamie West." Frank says he married her in 1911 when she was 16 or 17 (note how the age has shifted since his first story). One paper states that Mae and Frank were playing the Gaiety Theatre in Milwaukee at the time of the alleged marriage; another quotes the Charles Fox Theatre manager as saying, "I have looked up all my old records. Miss West did not play here in 1911. Neither did Wallace."

Mae, on getting that information, remarked, "Well, I guess that settles it."

And I guess it does—except that the *Milwaukee Journal* carried a review of the Gaiety Theatre's show in April, 1911. It mentions "Mae West and FRED Wallace, singers and dancers."

My money says it was two other people, or at least one other.

Wanna bet?

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 8*)

★★★ Hooray for Love (RKO)

Here's just another musical comedy, using the tried and true formula of back-stage plottings and front-stage entertainment. We could have enjoyed ourselves just as well by not going back-stage, as the goings-on there were pretty dull. Gene Raymond is the young producer, with just one idea on his mind—Ann Sothern. Ann looks like a million and acts when she gets a chance. However, the orchids should be distributed for the musical and dance numbers. Bill Robinson flashes dem eyes and dose feet in the hottest jazz routine he's done to date—which is saying something; while Maria Gambarelli floats through a contrastingly ethereal ballet number with remarkable grace. Pert Kelton steals the comedy honors with her swell performance of an awful performance as the self-appointed star, being convinced that her *"ingenity"* will save the show. There are a couple of catchy tunes besides "Hooray For Love" that are destined for popularity. If dancing and music make up for the lack of a good story, in your opinion, you'll not go wrong on this number.

Preview Postscripts

Tapper Bill Robinson's career has been as cullud as his complexion. Claims he was "jest bo'n lazier'n ten debbils" and that his famous feet just dance by themselves. Never went to school—couldn't see the point of head-learning when his brains were in his feet. Had a go at several "positions" in his youth—shoe-shining, crap-shooting, etc., before he got his feet on the first rung of the success ladder back in a Harlem night-club—and he's tapped his way up steadily and gracefully ever since. . . . Maria Gambarelli's worked like ten other debbils to get where she is. . . . Starting out as a child to become a concert pianist, she worked her small fingers to the bone. Deciding it was through dancing she could best express herself, she worked her small feet into the same condition. . . . However, they were still good 'nuff to bring her over to the Roxy at 15 where she became the premiere danseuse. . . . See "Good News" and Bad for Mr. Raymond. . . . Pert Kelton's the Female Menace of Movies—she'll steal any picture given just half a chance. She roused the Bennett (Connie) ire once. Not a hard thing to do, but a hard thing to take.

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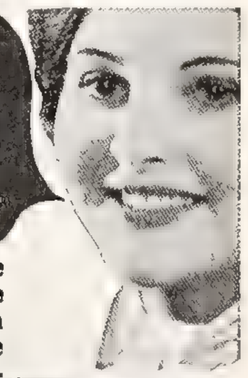


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★★★ Murder in the Fleet
(M-G-M)

Now we have mystery and murder, chills and thrills moved into the Navy, with all the action taking place on one of Uncle Sam's battleships. It seems that a fire control gear for guns has strayed or been stolen and everybody and everybody's friend is under suspicion. Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy are the only two nobody wonders about, and when you see their antics, you'll realize why. The only thing that pair would be capable of stealing is the picture—which is certainly no mechanism for a sixteen-inch gun! However, there are plenty of people to worry about and the suspense is upheld right through to the final sequences. Robert Taylor, Metro's new leading man, once again gives a fine account of himself and Arthur Byron makes a convincing commander. Una Merkel is the gal who loves a sailor—or any number of them—and is as pert and peppy as usual in a now familiar role, and Jean Parker is, of course, the ingenue.

Preview Postscripts

The big battleship you'll see in this picture is, when stripped of its decks and funnels, Set 15 on the M-G-M lot. Disillusioning? That's us—always spoiling somebody's fun! However, the location shots were made on a real boat anchored just off San Pedro. A lot of people said there was a real romance aboard, too—Robert Taylor and Jean Parker. But, truly, they are in love with a coupla other people. Disillusioning again? Yep, that's us— a "tearer-downer." Metro found Bob in a college play. They feel they have a future Gable on their hands. We feel that they're right. Bob's without temperament and with ability, so he's starting out well annahoo. . . . If little Miss Parker cut out the gooeyness, she'd have a better chance. You can't be as sweet as a chocolate cream all the time without sating the public. Jean's chaperone orta point that out to her. . . . Una Merkel, praise be, isn't the cheeky, little number she plays on the screen. She's a lady "what likes to act lady-like.". . . And Mr. Healy, well, any of you who remember vaudeville when it was a two-a-day proposition instead of something with which to surround the feature picture, remember Mr. Healy.

★★★ The Nitwits (RKO)

If you have a taste for comedy served up raw, you'll relish this one. If your preferences run to having it rare and well done, however, this latest Wheeler-Woolsey slapstick will be hard to take. Besides using their usual giggle-getter gags, W. and W. have enlarged their histronic field by including thrill'n'chill-getters in their repertoire, as a good juicy murder occurs in this story and our heroes are tangled up puh-lenty in it. There's nothing slow about the action, either, what with all the Keystone cops on the trail of the Wheeler-Woolsey gang and resulting in a couple of first-class, free-for-all, knock-down, drag-em-out battles. The very good supporting cast includes Hale Hamilton, Evelyn Brent, Fred Keating and Betty Grable. Mr. Keating's a crook after our own heart and Charlie Wilson must've done some real detecting on the side in days gone by, for he's that good as a reel detective.

Preview Postscripts

Bleeve it or not, Mr. Ripley—but Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Woolsey are as funny off the screen as on. On every set they've ever worked a few cracked ribs to the other actors are practically guaranteed. In fact they can even make each other laugh. And after being a stage comic team for several years before crashing the movies six years ago these two should certainly be on to one another's antics. The only thing Wheeler doesn't think funny about Woolsey is the daily dozen cigars he consumes, and the only thing Woolsey gets griped at is watching Wheeler do away with several dozen apples per day. Production costs were cut down considerably on this flicker, since the director kept the boys so busy running away from the cops that there wasn't much time to indulge their weaknesses. . . . Fred Keating's another genuine cut-up. Famous for his magician's tricks out here in Hollywood, he can make anything disappear but that state tax on fillum. . . . Betty Grable's the collitch boys' weakness—and no wonder. Started singing those bluesy, woosey songs with orchestras, landed at the Cocoanut Grove with a famous orchestra, and in one week was signed at the studios. That's Betty—snappy. . . . RKO held Old Home Week the day Evelyn Brent arrived on the set. Everyone was humming "Auld Lang Syne" or were busily "remembering when," for Evelyn used to be one swell actress, then got lost in the shuffle some six years ago, and's just now back in pictures.

★★★ Public Hero No. 1
(M-G-M)

Seems as if this country is still at the mercy of gangsters. Though Chicago finally cleaned up on 'em, they're still running rampant in the movies. Dillinger's gang is provided for our entertainment in this one and as if that weren't bad enough, the plot leans toward the improbable in too many spots. There's some good acting, though, in spite of the story difficulties. Chester Morris does a nice job. If we say too much about his role, we'll spoil the whole story. Joseph Calleia is Public Enemy No. 1. Mr. Calleia, a newcomer to the screen, goes calmly about his business of wholesale slaughter, robbing banks and stealing the show. Lewis Stone as the prison warden and Lionel Barrymore as the doctor who extracts bullets from the gangsters' tough hides, give their chronically good performances. Jean Arthur has one of those tough-but-okay roles and she certainly manages to get in some good acting between gun-plays.

Preview Postscripts

Chester Morris is Hollywood's Dirty Deal man—but at the receiving end of the line. Although displaying marked ability, Chet has had little opportunity to capitalize on it, due largely to poor management of his affairs. Seems to act best in prison surroundings (not compulsory ones, however) as his last good role was in "The Big House." Just for luck he wears the same uniform and number in this flicker. Mrs. Morris with the two Morris Hopefuls in tow, visited Daddy on the prison set one day. On the way home his young son confided that though he didn't think his Dad was exactly good looking, at least he wore the prison uniform with more of an air than Dillinger. . . . Lewis Stone's name on the screen always brings a round of applause from preview audiences. But Mr. Stone is used to it, having been a matinee idol yars and yars ago. Married to a young lady attractive enough to be in pictures herself, he spends every spare moment sailing the seas with her in the family yacht. . . . Lionel Barrymore's too well known to waste any explanations on—but didja know that his fine etchings have taken prizes in exhibits all over the country? . . . Joseph Calleia isn't well known in movies a-tall—but just give him a few more pictures! This is his first, having just haled into Hollywood from the stage.

★★★ Under the Pampas Moon (Fox)

Here is a peppy little picture that is going to insure a pleasant evening in the theatre, no matter how warm the weather. You see, the story's atmosphere is guaranteed to be slightly hotter than the thermometer and with plenty of colorful characters, Warner Baxter, with an accent, Veloz and Yolanda, a dance team bound to thrill you, a gorgeous rhumba tune—well, stop us if we become too enthusiastic! True, the plot is as slim as you wish your figure to be and the comedy, as broad as you're afraid it is (the figure again), but somehow you don't quibble about these items when there is so much there with which to entertain you. The picture features its quota of newcomers, all of whom manage to score nicely, as do our old favorites, John Miljan and Jack LaRue, and Ketti Gallian also is among those present. The cameraman rates a bow for some beautiful photography and the director for injecting so much action and laughter into a yarn that merely deals with a gent who is on the chase for a horse that has been stolen. Then, of course, there *are* the tunes!

Preview Postscripts

When Warner Baxter gets tuned up on those airs from "old May-hee-co" he makes every man and woman in the audience long for a serapi or a mantilla and a grilled balcony in Old Spain. Warner's not so young, but he's still romantic. Been married a good many more years than you'd care to believe—and to the same woman. Would rather play his guitar and sing love songs to her than to Garbo. Spent a good deal of time and money recently on his Malibu Beach home, getting it into shape to sell. Went down there t'other day to close the deal at a profit, and fell in love all over again with the place—of such is sentiment. . . . Ketti Gallian's a recent import, having only one other picture to her credit (or whichever way you want to look at it). On location, up in the Northern woods for some particular shots, her maid brought along Ketti's black crêpe-de-chine sheets and proceeded to use them on her camp bed, explaining that it was a European custom to bring one's own bedding while travelling. "Whassa matter?" queried the director, "do they have vermin sheets in Europe, that they have to drag their private supply along?" "But no!" exclaimed Ketti, "we never use ermine sheets in Europe.". . .

★★ Age of Indiscretion (M-G-M)

Well, it's the woman who pays and, believe us, she should in this little drammer of divorce and what leads up to it. Of all the double-dyed meanies, it's Helen Vinson, who once again crashes through with a swell performance of same. How a gal like Miss V.—well, it's for purposes of plot, my dears! Paul Lukas takes the punishment and gives a sincere performance of a man who has been done far from right by. This character could very easily have been overdrawn, but in the capable hands of Lukas manages to escape the maudlin category. Young David Jack Holt comes in for his share of honors and indeed steals a scene or two when his elders are not looking. Madge Evans and May Robson round out the fine cast and, yes, let us not forget a newcomer-to-the-screen, Catherine Doucet, who is pretty elegant in the role of a slightly goofy novelist. The story itself is diverting and novel in that the man (for a change) suffers, and the dialogue is good.

Preview Postscripts

Paul Lukas and little David Holt are real buddies since appearing in this picture. After hours on the set, they'd continue playing together—boating, fishing, pillow-fighting and all manner of things were included in their fun. . . . Helen Vinson is the young leddy who could've had every minute of Hollywood time filled if she had wanted to play "wicked women" roles. But after doing them so beautifully that her fan mail was mostly from indignant wives, she drew the line on cinematically seducing any more husbands. . . . Remember that little girl who dangled her heels off a cake of Fairy Soap in the dear, dead days? Well, that was our smooth Madge Evans of today. Madge is a dependable actress and claims she likes everything about Hollywood, including Tom Gallery, of whom ZaSu Pitts once washed her famous hands. . . . May Robson is everybody's idea of a truly Grand Lady. Ask anyone in town—including directors, stars, cameramen, technicians, extras, and Garbo—they'll all propose three rousing cheers for this Grand Great Grandmama of the screen.

★★ Chinatown Squad (Universal)

With this picture's background in San Francisco's murky, mysterious Chinatown, a few knives in a few backs are inevitable. There are a couple of weird murders and enough anxiety about possible killings to satisfy almost anyone's craving for thrills and chills. Lyle Talbot is the young man who gets all the lowdown on the dirty work for us. Having been a former detective on the "Chinatown Squad," he sets out to show up Hugh O'Connell's deficiencies as his successor—which isn't difficult, but certainly is hilarious. Besides contributing his good looks to the screen, Mr. Talbot shows that he can turn in some good acting, while Hugh O'Connell plays H. O'C. with his usual abandon. Valerie Hobson is the gal in the case, who's kept breathless all through the picture, by climbing fire-escapes, finding secret panels and admiring the squad's former detective. Andy Devine is good in a role which gives him credit for having a thought once in awhile, and he does well by it. The Chinese characters and background are convincingly done, and in all, it's pretty sure to qualify as fair entertainment.

Preview Postscripts

You won't see many smiles in this one—there wasn't time for such nonsense. This picture was a "quickie" with better results than usual under the circumstances. One Tom Gubbins was really the most important character in the whole business. He's the Chinese gentleman who hires all the Chinese extras for these tales of the distant Orient taken on Set 12 at the studio. Mr. Gubbins has an office in Chinatown, where he rounds up from one to sixteen dozen Chinamen, with or without pigtails, for background in studio emergencies. Mr. Gubbin's work is not ended here—not by a long shot. For, every direction given while working must be translated for the "extras" into their native chop-suey. . . . Lyle Talbot's usual pep is slightly conspicuous by its absence, you'll notice. Seems our hero was just a little worn down, having trekked to the studio every day via foot and street car, since his auto license was suspended for six months for driving when feeling **extra** peppy. . . . Perc Westmore, famed Hollywood make-up man, can take three bows in quick succession for that job he did on Valerie Hobson. When she appeared on the set in oriental make-up and brocaded p. j's, a nice young Chinese actor with a

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After a long absence from the screen, Ruth Chatteron signed with Columbia. She'll do "A Feather in Her Hat."

beautiful pig-tail rushed up to her and asked her for a date that very evening. At least Valerie thinks that was the proposition, being a little vague on her Chinese.

★★ The Glass Key (Paramount)

When you realize that this picture is based on a story by the astute Mr. Hammett of "Thin Man" fame, you may think you're facing an evening of brain strain. But never mind the aspirin, as this murder-mystery dwindles down to monotony. George Raft is cast as the ultra-modish and super-courageous hero, who is so devoted to the town's biggest politician, Edward Arnold, that he not only risks his life to save him from disgrace, but makes the supreme sacrifice of offering to teach Mr. Arnold how to dress snappily. Raft's role, however, gives him a better opportunity to display his versatility than he's had in many a moon, while Edward Arnold is as satisfactory as ever.

The love story is more tangled up than the murder motives, since Mr. Arnold is in love with the sister (Claire Dodd) of the murdered man, and she thinks Mr. A. is the meanie who "done him away," while Mr. Raft, not to be outdone, falls in love with Mr. Arnold's daughter (Rosalind Keith) who's violently enamoured of the murdered man. On second thought—mebbe you'd better bring along that aspirin.

Preview Postscripts

George Raft has oft been heralded as the second Valentino, but the only real resemblance seems to be that patent leather pompadour. However, it's nothing against George, for he's a pretty good guy even if he doesn't remind us of the Great Lover. He's the answer to the haberdasher's prayer—buys anything and everything in that line if expensive enough. Would sooner be caught dead than in a pair of unmonogrammed suspenders. Lives in Hollywood's snappiest penthouse, equipped with the last gasp in chromium bars—but never drinks himself. In spite of which, his alibi on arriving at the studio late the other morning was that a herd of pigeons had flown through his window and landed on the bedpost. It had taken a good hour to shoo them out. . . . Edward Arnold has two hobbies—hunting and motoring, and owns the prize collection of guns in Hollywood. . . . Rosalind Keith's story should never be breathed in the presence of movie-struck girls, for 'twould result in Hollywood Blvd. being overrun with coyotes on a leash with a blonde. Which is the attention-getting device this Missouri girl employed after getting the cold shoulder from casting offices for a month of Sundays. She's happy now, except for occasional weeps over her peroxided locks and "Gottlieb" (the coyote) whom she periodically loses.

★★ Headline Woman (Mascot)

Here's another picture bent on glorifying the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate. Roger Pryor is the star reporter with an amazing nose for news and a dashing new mustache, all of which features prove irresistible to Heather Angel—and being's how she's the boss' daughter this should have led to a snappy, happy ending. But the course of true love doesn't run any smoother here than in other places we've heard about, so Heather's papa isn't aware of Roger's sterling qualities. However, when he steps in where the other reporters fear to tread and sleuths out a couple of murder mysteries, to say nothing of saving his Angel's name from being dragged in the mud, everything is okay. Pretty painful as to plot, the picture is saved by Mr. Pryor's good performance.

Preview Postscripts

Bill Nigh directed this flicker with his usual flourish. He has a flexible cane without which he's lost, directorially spikkin, which weapon he brandishes around in a menacing manner and gets action from his actors. However, he was stumped on this one. The scene was in the City Room of a newspaper office, and seeing one young man sitting at his desk, with nary a fleck of dust, a piece of paper or a cigarette butt in sight on its gleaming surface, he waved said cane and yelled, "Hey, you, doncha know what a reporter's desk should look like? How long you been acting, anyhow?" The young man regarded him calmly, then replied, "Just started acting—been working for the past twelve years on the **New York Times.**". . . Roger Pryor's noted for his cool, calm and collected air—besides that mustachio. But he weakened in one crisis. Roger had painstakingly rehearsed his scene of picking up an egg and remarking jovially, "Well, hope this egg's okay." But the ninth time, the egg slipped from his numb fingers, and crashed on the table. 'Twas a "prop" egg—and slightly the worse for wear. Roger fled with the rest of the cast from the set. . . . Heather Angel (yeh, that's what she answers to) is an English import. Married these past few months to Ralph Forbes, a Chatterton "ex," she's now enjoying a British vacation—alone.

★★ Alias Mary Dow (Universal)

You'll have to have the faith of an extra bent on stardom to believe this one. It's about the mother who goes through the years lamenting the loss of her strayed or stolen baby. When, in her dying hour, she calls for the child, her husband goes to a coffee shop and induces a slangy, young waitress to pretend she's the returned Mary. Hard to take, you'll admit. That is, to everyone but the authors and Katherine Alexander who is paid to take it. The dialogue in the story is as impossible as the plot, the characters actually making speeches in lieu of conversation. Sally Eilers, who should lose ten pounds, is best in the dance hall sequences. Henry O'Neill and Katherine Alexander play her parents with nice restraint and Chick Chandler and Lola Lane give fair accounts of themselves. Then there is Clarence Muse, sincere and sympathetic, in a small role.

Preview Postscripts

The only time the Harry Joe Brown family ever saw one another while this picture was being made, was at the studio commissary for lunch. Sally was busy 'til all hours, Harry was frantically grinding out another film at a neighboring studio and "Sonny" was the next thing to a complete orphan. Ray Milland looks like an Arrow Collar Lad (ad. gratis) but honestly would rather resemble an ex-pugilist. For this 6' 2" Adonis craves rough, tough roles—claims he'd rather wear a strait-jacket than a dinner-jacket. . . . Katherine Alexander is a familiar name to Broadway. This very handsome lady has been on the stage since she was a mere cheeild. Married Producer William Brady, Jr., some time later, and to date hasn't regretted it. Clarence Muse has "sung for his supper" ever since he can remember—some forty years now. As talented a song-writer as a songster, he's credited with several hits of the past season.

★★★★★ Oil for the Lamps of China (Warners)

We found this an admirable and unusual picture for many reasons. First, because, having read the novel of the same name, we did not see it as picture material, excellent though the book was. Score one for Warner Brothers for choosing it. Then, we did not expect that the rather even pace of the book would provide enough action and emotion for a screen drama. Score one for Director Mervyn LeRoy, who so superbly crystallizes the very deep feeling of the story into a series of tense and tender scenes. Third, we were delighted to see Pat O'Brien, so long confined to cigar-chewing and wise-cracking roles, given a really worthy dramatic part—and doing splendidly in it. And fourth, there is Josephine Hutchinson—a young dramatic actress who is so real and appealing and convincing that you will wonder where she has been all your lives.

Briefly, the story concerns the business pioneering of a great oil company in the Orient, the back-breaking and heart-breaking struggles of the company's employees in their efforts to sell more "oil for the lamps of China" and the loyalty and heroism of one of those employees—O'Brien—and his game little wife—Miss Hutchinson. See the picture by all means. It's completely worth while.

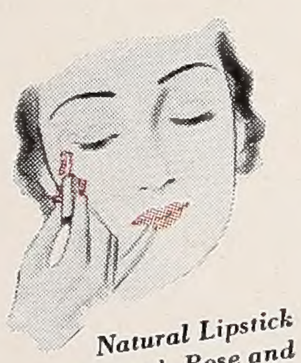


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